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IN MEMORIAM



Dr. Samuel G. Armor.

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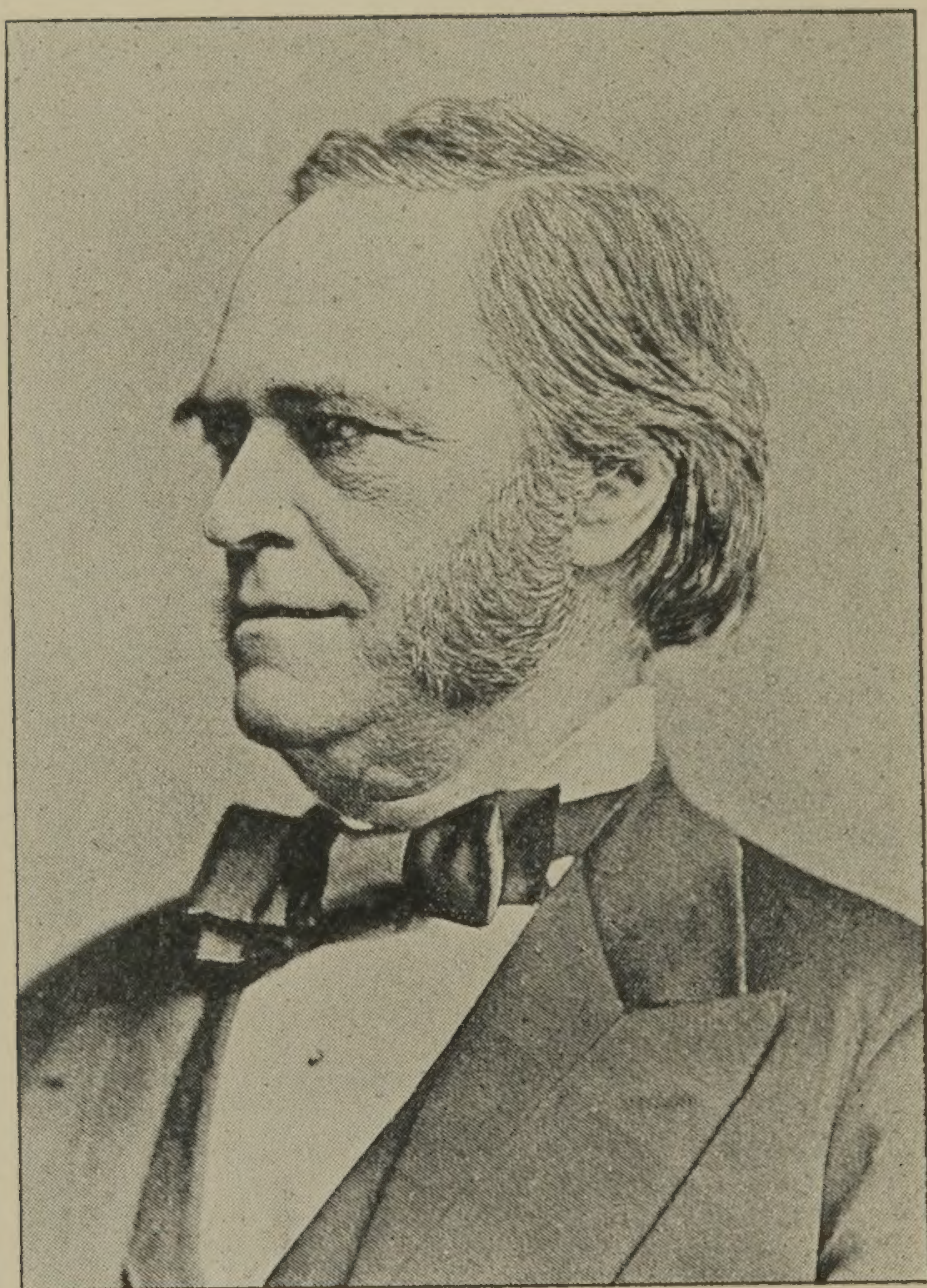
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Truly Yours
S. G. Ames

✓
IN MEMORY

OF

✓
Dr. Samuel G. Armor.



Born January 29, 1819.

Died October 27, 1885.

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CLARK-BRITTON PRINTING CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

BIOGRAPHY.

The following biography of Dr. Armor was published several years before his death, in the "Encyclopedia of Contemporary Biography of New York," and is here copied as a substantially correct history of his life to the time of its publication :

" Samuel G. Armor, M. D., L. L. D., * * was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 29th, 1819, and is the son of John Armor and Matilda (Glasgow) Armor, both natives of that State, and of Scotch-Irish origin. His parents removed to Ohio when he was about eleven years of age, and here he passed several years of his life, during which he was prepared for college. He was educated at Franklin College, Ohio, and has been regarded as among the most distinguished alumni of that institution. He began the study of medicine under Dr. James S. Irvine, of Millersburg, Ohio, a noted physician in that part of the State. He pursued his full course of instruction in the Missouri Medical College, of St. Louis, and received his degree of Doctor of Medicine from that institution in 1844. Soon after he located in Rockford, Illinois, where he practiced for a short period. While there, he was invited by Professor Daniel Brainard, then President of the Rush Medical College, of Chicago, to deliver a course of lectures of Physiology in that institution, which he did during the winter of 1847. He was subsequently invited to accept the Professorship of Physiology and Pathology in the Rush Medical College which he declined, for the reason that he had accepted the same chair in another institution. In 1849 he accepted the Professorship of Physiology and General Pathology in the Medical department of the Iowa University, which he soon after resigned to accept the

chair of the Natural Sciences in the Cleveland University—a newly organized institution at that time. In June, 1853, he received the prize which had been offered by the State Medical Society of Ohio for an Essay on the “Zymotic Theory of the Essential Fevers.” In July of the same year, he accepted the chair of Physiology and Pathology in the Medical College, of Ohio, at Cincinnati, and, in the year following, by request of the faculty, he was transferred to the chair of Theory and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine, made vacant by the resignation of Professor L. M. Lawson. He filled this position with distinguished ability for several years, and in retiring from the institution in 1857, the *Western Lancet*, published in Cincinnati, and edited at the time by Professor George C. Blackman, one of his colleagues, says of him :

“We have heard many lecturers, both in this country and in Europe, but we have heard but few who could surpass Professor Armor in riveting the attention of a medical class.”

“In 1856 he was married to Miss Mary M. Holcomb, of Dayton, Ohio, and in resigning his Professorship, established himself as a general practitioner in that place. He was immediately, however, invited to fill the chair of Pathology and Clinical Medicine in the Missouri Medical College, of St. Louis, from which he had graduated fourteen years previously. In 1861 he accepted the chair of Institutes of Medicine and Therapeutics in the University of Michigan, transferring his residence to Detroit, where he associated himself in practice with Dr. Moses Gunn, now the distinguished Professor of Surgery in the Rush Medical College of Chicago. In 1866 he was elected to the Professorship of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and General Pathology in the Long Island College Hospital of Brooklyn, and in 1868, upon the resignation of Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., he was transferred to the chair of Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Medicine and was elected Dean of the Faculty. He still continues to fill that chair with the ability of a ripe and cultured experience, and is now a resident, and one of the leading

practitioners of Brooklyn. Dr. Armor commenced as a medical teacher in the early years of his professional life, and is noted for his remarkable gifts as a scientific lecturer. He has also been a constant contributor to the medical literature of his time, many of his papers being of great value on intrinsically important topics. He is widely and favorably known to the Profession, and is a member of numerous medical societies, both local and national. The degree of L. L. D. was conferred on him in June 1872, by Franklin College—his alma mater.”

Dr. Armor retained the Professorship last named, and continued to perform the duties of Dean of the Faculty, with increasing reputation and usefulness until his death. He was also engaged in a very large practice in the city.

He wrote several valuable articles published in the Medical Encyclopedias, on important medical subjects, which were widely read, and highly commended by the Profession, and regarded leading authorities upon the branches covered by them. He was also, in the meantime a liberal contributor to the current magazine literature of the profession.

On the 25th of April 1879, his first wife died at the city of Brooklyn, leaving an only daughter who is married to Dr. E. B. Ward of Chicago, and who now survives her father.

During his busy life, the doctor found time for relaxation from his active professional duties, to improve his knowledge of men and things by somewhat extensive travel. He made two trips to the Pacific coast, besides visiting many other parts of the United States, and one quite extensive tour of Europe, and another short trip as delegate to the World's Medical Convention at London, at the same time visiting Scotland, Ireland, and Holland.

On the 26th of July 1883, he was married to Mrs. Mary T. Yorke, widow of Gen. Yorke, late of the U. S. Army, of Cincinnati, who now survives him.

His death occurred at his residence in Brooklyn, October 27th, 1885, and was buried at Dayton Ohio. He left surviving

him, one brother, Judge Thomas Armor now a member of the Ohio Legislature, and two sisters—Maria, the wife of Hon. Martin Welker, District Judge of the United States for the Northern District of Ohio, and Elizabeth, the wife of the Hon. Josiah Given, Judge of the Circuit Court of Iowa, at Des Moines.

In a book entitled “Physicians and Surgeons of the United States,” there is also contained a Biography of Dr. Armor substantially the same as herein copied from the “Encyclopedia.”

In the “Journal of the American Medical Association,” published in Chicago, Oct. 31, 1885 was also published a similar biographical sketch of Dr. Armor.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

As evidences of the professional reputation of Dr. Armor in early life, a few of the many references to him by the press are here copied :

A Cleveland paper, noticing a change in the Faculty at the Cleveland University says :

“We notice our excellent friend Armor has been transferred to a more important chair, and has been elected Dean of the Faculty. He would honor any station, or any college in the land.”

The Cleveland *True Democrat* says :

“The address of Professor Armor last evening, to the students of the University, was one of the most neat, happy, beautiful and instructive discourses we ever listened to.”

From the *Cincinnati Commercial* :

“In another column will be found a notice of the commencement exercises of the Medical College of Ohio, to take place this evening. It is only necessary to say that Prof. Armor is to be the lecturer. No man within our acquaintance possesses in a higher degree the ability to popularize science, and render interesting its generalizations.”

Noticing that Dr. Armor was selected to deliver the annual address before the societies of the Farmers' College, a Cleveland paper said :

"We can promise those societies such a rich literary repast as they have seldom enjoyed. Prof. Armör is endowed with a fine intellect, which has been developed and enriched by the best culture, and added to a nature as genial and happy as a spring morning."

The Cincinnati *Medical Journal* in noticing the doctor's resignation of his chair in the Ohio Medical College, said :

"We have heard many lecturers, both in this country and in Europe, but we have heard but few who could surpass Professor Armor in riveting the attention of a class. * * He will prove a valuable acquisition to the school—Missouri Medical College."

From Dr. Gross' *Medical Journal*, Philadelphia :

"Dr. S. G. Armor, of Dayton, Ohio, one of the most able and elegant lecturers in the great West, has resigned the Professorship of Pathology and Clinical Medicine in the Missouri University."

Again it said :

"To those acquainted with Dr. Armor's fine abilities as a public teacher no praise of ours will add to his fame. It is in no disposition to disparage others that we declare our conviction that in the peculiar powers of a didactic teacher, he is not surpassed in the United States. It seems to us quite impossible that Dr. Armor should remain long in private life. With talents which will so greatly enhance the reputation of any institution in whose interest they may be employed, we predict for him at no distant day an increase of fame in some new and more extended field."

In speaking of the doctor's appointment in the Missouri Medical College, a Cleveland paper said:

"We are sorry to lose Dr. Armor from Ohio. All who know him—and he is very generally known—will congratulate the

Missouri College on their good fortune in securing such a man. He is a gentleman of great purity of character and extraordinary gifts as a scientific lecturer."

A St. Louis paper said:

"We call the attention of our readers to the notice of the introductory lecture of Prof. Armor to the students of the medical class of the Missouri Medical College to be delivered this evening. * *

Prof. Armor, an early alumnus of this institution has been distinguished for several years past as one of the most eloquent, erudite professors of one of the medical schools of Cincinnati."

The Louisville *Journal* of December 24, 1858, said of Prof. Armor:

"We had the pleasure of listening to this distinguished medical lecturer at the clinical lecture room of the Louisville Hospital during his recent sojourn in our city.

The lecture on Physical Diagnosis was the most masterly exposition of this difficult subject to which we have ever listened. The style was chaste, elegant, clear and pointed. The whole effort was worthy his great reputation."

A Detroit paper in noticing the doctor's appointment to a chair in the Long Island Medical College, says:

"We heartily endorse the following notice of our esteemed friend, Prof. Armor of this city, which we find in the Cincinnati *Journal of Medicine*: We have only space to add that our Eastern friends must look out for their laurels. With Prof. Armor, lecturing is a labor of love, and we predict for him in his new field, the most brilliant success. The Long Island College has shown most excellent taste in its selection of a Western teacher, and we repeat to the Faculty that they must look out for their laurels."

The New York *Tribune* of October, 1868, said:

"Dr. S. G. Armor, Dean of the Faculty of the Long Island College Hospital, and one of the most prominent consulting surgeons in the King's County Medical Society, has returned to the

city, after an extensive tour of the Rocky Mountains and on the Pacific Coast. During his absence in the far West the doctor was the guest of many professional friends, and received an exceedingly cordial greeting from his medical and surgical brethren of that section of the country. * * * The doctor is enthusiastic over the magnificence of the distant States and the healthful life-giving atmosphere of the new West."

AFTER DEATH.

After his death amongst many notices of the press of the death of the doctor, a few of them are also here copied:

The New York *World* of 28th October, 1885, said :

"Dr. Samuel Glasgow Armor, Dean of the Faculty of Long Island College Hospital, died at 2:30 yesterday morning at his residence, No. 126 Pierrepont street.

* * * * *

He was well known in medical literature by his many contributions. * * * He has been for many years one of the most eminent consulting physicians, in the city, and his services have been in almost constant demand at the hospitals and charitable institutions in the city."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* of the 27th October, 1885, besides giving a short sketch of the doctor's life-work, said :

"About twenty-two years ago he came to Brooklyn and in a very short time was considered as one of the leading physicians of the city. For the last twenty years he was Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Long Island College, and there are hundreds of doctors in the city to-day who owe much of their success in their profession to his thorough and painstaking instruction. For several years he has been one of the most eminent consulting physicians of Brooklyn. * * * He was a prominent member of all the medical societies of this city and New York.

The Detroit *Free Press* of the 28th October said :

“The announcement of the death of Dr. Samuel G. Armor * * will be received in this city with heartfelt sorrow. For many years Dr. Armor occupied a leading position in the medical fraternity of Detroit, and was the loved and trusted physician of a wide circle of families, to whom he was a friend, as much as doctor. He was sadly missed when he left Detroit, and his death will be sincerely mourned.”

The Cincinnati *Herald and Presbyterian* said :

“Many in Cincinnati remember with respect and affection the name of Prof. Samuel G. Armor, M. D.; L. L. D., who died in Brooklyn on the 27th ult. * * He was called the “Boy Professor” when in Cincinnati, and drew many to his lectures. He was the most prominent physician, by far, in the “city of churches,” being not only conspicuous as the head of a leading institution—a pioneer in clinical instruction—but as a consulting physician continually in demand.”

Another New York paper said :

“The demonstrations of public and professional regard for the late Dr. Armor were most impressively terminated in Grace Church yesterday. To every member of that great assemblage there was present a sense of irreparable loss whether the lifeless clay over which they mourned was to them the remains of a warm hearted friend, a keen sighted and sympathetic medical adviser, an honored teacher or a professional brother with a well established claim to scientific eminence. With years of beneficent activity, apparently before him, of a temperament, hopeful, genial and sunny, there was an inexpressible sadness in Dr. Armor’s swift breaking down, which is felt by every one who knew him either intimately or superficially. Brooklyn has never had the benefit of the mature professional experience of a man so exceptionally qualified as a medical practitioner, and with endowments as a teacher better fitted to compel the respect of the most heedless. There are ways in which those who reverence Dr. Armor’s memory can help to perpetuate his influence in the

field which he loved so well to cultivate, and while his memory is green, we trust that some means will be taken of agreeing on them. It is but few such men that Brooklyn is called on to honor, and when the opportunity comes, it is not too much to hope that it will be worthily used."

The *Brooklyn Standard*, of November, said :

"The services held in memory of the late Prof. Samuel G. Armor, M. D., L. L. D., last evening in the Long Island College Hospital, with which he had so much to do for a score of years or more, was a fitting tribute to the first physician of the city.

There is a long roll of gentlemen of the medical profession in this city, some of whom are widely known for their learning and ability, but Dr. Armor was second to none. A man of wide learning and patient research, he added to his good judgment the benefits of a long continued experience in the hospital ward, in the sick chamber, and in the lecture room. No physician's advice in the city was more sought, or more highly prized when given. A careful and conservative man, he knew to the utmost the power of medicine over disease, and just how much or little to use. He undertook no experiments with his patients, as do some physicians who seek more the course of science than the pursuit of the healing art. And yet Dr. Armor did not weary in the pursuit of scientific facts, and would laborously follow out a course of investigation from which he hoped a public benefit would accrue.

Dr. Armor was connected with a number of medical institutions, but he was longest in this city, and much of the good work done by that institution which honored his memory last evening has been due to his faithful work.

He has inspired and encouraged more than a thousand students to be as far as possible faithful practitioners, and to devote themselves to humanity and medicine. No profession is more exacting in its demands upon time, attention and devotion, than the calling of a physician, and no one has a more intimate relation, to his fellow men than a family doctor. The influence

of good example, and teaching is no where more powerful than in those who have the guidance and devotion of medical students. The carefulness and wisdom of Dr. Armor were especially marked in his relations to those he taught. He was revered and loved by all, and he will live, though dead, in the hearts and lives of all those who came under his beneficent influence.

Appreciative tributes were paid last night by Dr. Armor's associates Professors Skene and Wight, and Health Commissioner Raymond, to his sterling qualities of mind and heart, which made his death a loss, not only to them and the institution they represent, but also to the entire community which is almost irreparable. His memory will long be cherished as that of a 'beloved physician.'

Another Brooklyn paper said :

"Some days ago, during the very fiercest period of the recent canvass, there died in Brooklyn a gentleman whose absence will be sorely felt, not alone by the professionals who were wont to look upon him for counsel, but by the community at large as one whose profound study and ripe experience entitled him to judicial authority among his fellows. The late Prof. Armor, of the Long Island Medical College, held such a rank in the beneficent army of healers. He had, in addition to the honor of being among the most capable of general practitioners, that special knowledge of parts of that inscrutable and inconstant piece of mechanism, the human body, and upon the resources of his extraordinary knowledge of these organs his brother practitioners were wont to draw for the benefit of the community.

Thus as instructor of the young recruits who will some day carry the flag of their order, as practitioner at large, and as consulting physician, Dr. Armor laid society under a triple obligation. So when we find his associates in various departments of life setting apart a special time and place to do honor to his memory, and dwell affectionately on his virtues, his character and his services to his fellow men, we are moved to a pleasanter

sense of the rewards of honorable effort than experience usually furnishes. * * * * *

The Knight errantry of Therapeutics is the grandest of all orders, and when so gallant a member of it falls as Dr. Armor it is right that his brothers in arms should bury him with most distinguished honors, that the people should mourn for a friend and a champion."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* of the 27th October, after giving a short biography of Dr. Armor, said :

"He was one of the leading and best known physicians in Brooklyn. He was a contributor to current medical literature and was known among the profession in all parts of the country. He was consulting physician in several local hospitals, and despite his extensive practice and literary work, devoted considerable time to those institutions. Health Commissioner Raymond, who studied under him, said to-day that he doubted if there were another man in Brooklyn whose loss would be so severely felt. * * That he probably had not an enemy either in the profession or out of it. One of his characteristics was that he never was at a loss for a remedy, and all his patients had unlimited faith in his skill."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* of 29th said :

"The death of Dr. Armor, Dean of the Faculty of the Long Island College Hospital, would be gretaly regretted even if he were known only in connection with that excellent establishment. Apart from its local influence, it has gained a wide success through the well equipped students whom for years it has contributed to the ranks of the profession in many parts of the country. Dr. Armor brought to the conduct of its affairs large abilities and thorough culture and an active and sympathetic zeal which secured for him the honor and affection of everybody in the college and for which he will long be remembered. But outside of the Hospital Dr. A. held a high place among the many able physicians of Brooklyn. Such was his reputation with his associates as an adviser; cool, careful and courageous,

that they naturally turned to him for consultation in delicate and difficult cases; and of late his work in this department of professional effort had been extensive and almost exclusive. It brought him in contact with large numbers of citizens of all classes who learned to hold in esteem a personality at once strong and refined, a temper both conservative and progressive, and accomplishments including the solid learning of the past as well as whatever of substantial good the investigating spirit of the present produces."

The *Detroit Lancet* of December 1885, after giving a brief sketch of Dr. Armor's medical history, said :

"While teaching in Ann Arbor he made his home in Detroit. During this residence he built up a large consulting practice, and made hosts of friends in and out of the profession. The same was true of his residence in Brooklyn. He was a born teacher, and a gentleman in heart and life. He will be especially missed by the younger members of the profession, to whom he was ever a wise counsellor and steadfast friend."

The *Monthly Advance* of January, 1886, said :

"We take pleasure in presenting a tribute to the memory of Professor Armor by Dr. Thwing, President of the N. Y. Academy of Anthropology, who has had ample opportunities for knowing this eminent teacher and physician. We reiterate the suggestion that there can be no more fitting memorial to the lamented Dean than an endowment of the chair which he so long and honorably filled. Long Island College Hospital represents a beautiful and humane charity, and it deserves well of the generous people of Brooklyn."

SOCIETY AND FRATERNAL TRIBUTES.

AT GRACE CHURCH.

The festival of "All Saints" was celebrated yesterday in Grace Church on the Heights. The sermon was preached by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Snively. In the course of the

service Dr. Snively referred to two members of the parish who had departed this life during the past week, one of whom was Professor Armor. Of the latter he said:

“It is my sad duty to announce formally to the congregation that during the past week it has pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of Dr. Samuel G. Armor, who for many years has been a communicant of the Church in this parish. Dr. Armor had won for himself an eminent position in the learned profession of which he was an honored member; and without unfair comparison with other distinguished physicians, it may safely be said that he stood in the very front rank alike as teacher and practitioner. His reputation as a lecturer was so extensive that it attracted students from all parts of the country, and his position was so assured that it excited no envy among his professional brethren, but was cheerfully conceded by all. Few, if any of the medical men have so frequently been called in cases of consultation, and this fact made it necessary for him to stand by an unusual number of death-beds. His contributions to the literature of his profession were frequent and voluminous, and were accepted as the expression of the last and best results of scientific investigation and medical knowledge. In encyclopedias and reviews and in the lecture room he dispensed in a winning and attractive style the rare results of his careful study and accurate reasoning; and his departure from us has left a vacancy alike in the profession and the community which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill. Other lips will speak his eulogy, however, as teacher and physician, and his professional brethren will bear, as in some instances they already have borne, their appropriate testimony to his ability and skill. But it is my peculiar privilege, as his pastor, to emphasize to-day—amid the tender and sacred memories of All Saints’ Day festival—the fact that he was eminently a Christian physician and a Christian man. His scientific investigations had never for a moment obscured the vision of his faith; and learned as he was, in his special line of study and

thought, he was still in the simple simplicity of his nature an humble learner in the school of Christ. Indeed, his thorough conscientiousness, seemed to be interwoven with the very fibre and texture of his nature; and grand as he was in the natural endowment of intellect and character, he was grander still in the loyal devotion of his entire being to the ideal of a Christian manhood as revealed in the Gospel of Christ our Lord. He has passed away from us in the maturity of his powers; his pew will be vacant, and his tall and commanding form will no longer be seen in our midst. But his memory will be sacredly cherished by all who knew and loved him, and we bow in humble submission to God's will in the great loss we are called to bear.

“I commend his bereaved wife and his stricken family to your tenderest sympathy and your earnest prayers”

AT THE ACADEMY OF ANTHROPOLOGY.

At the monthly meeting of the Academy, held in New York city November 3, 1885, on motion of Professor William C. Jarvis, M. D., of N. Y. University Medical College, it was

Resolved, That we hereby express our profound sorrow at the death of PROFESSOR SAMUEL G. ARMOR, M.D., LL. D., an honored member of this Academy, and extend to his bereaved household our respectful and heartfelt condolence.

Resolved, That our President, the REV. DR. E. P. THWING, be invited to prepare an address in memory of our lamented friend, and present the same at such time and place as he may designate.

AT THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

The following Memorial Discourse was delivered Sunday evening, Nov. 8, 1885, at St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, by Dr. Thwing, Minister in charge.

THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

Colossians iv: 14.—“ Luke the beloved physician.”

A touching eulogy in a single, vivid word! Not the learned, skilful, well known, but the “BELOVED physician.” The Syrian surgeon was an unique man. He was born at the very confluence of oriental and western streams of medical learning. His native city where he practiced was the magnificent seat of the Greek kings, the sanctuary of Apollo, begirt with the mountains of Taurus and Lebanon, through which the Orontes burst, encircling the town. It was rich in the memorials of Syro-Macedonian greatness, and in the fruits of the best contemporary Greek culture, situated as it was midway between the scientific centers of Cilicia and Alexandria. We have reason to believe that the medicines and surgery of Luke were represented in the elegant Cappadocian Aretæus and his *Materia Medica* in that of his learned countryman Dioscorides, the greatest herbalist of antiquity, whom Galen, parsimonious of praise, highly extolled.

The expert diagnostician is revealed in the evangelist. Luke was observant of details, and described the humanity of our Lord and his surroundings with photographic fidelity, as he only can do who has trained his powers of observation, and is master of the verbal niceties of language. If we may believe Nicephorus and others, the Syrian physician was a painter of no mean repute, familiar with the brush and pencil, as well as the stylus and scapel.

Tradition tells us that this missionary physician, this artist and author, died a martyr at fourscore, crucified in Greece; executed without trial, and in lack of a cross, nailed to the nearest olive tree. This is the many-sided man whom the great apostle introduces to us here, in his letter from Rome to Colosse, as his fellow-worker, “the beloved physician.” The Greek text with the article is still more emphatic, ‘*O’ayannros* “the dearly beloved, the one worthy of love,” a Homeric epithet found in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

In applying this scripture as a comprehensive eulogy to my lamented instructor and friend, Professor Armor, I am moved not only by personal affection towards the man, but by admiration for the profession he adorned, the nobility and productiveness of which are not appreciated as they deserve. My acquaintance with medical men, in this and other lands, has been somewhat extensive, for I began medical study in early life, but no one is recalled, instructor or friend, to whom the phrase more fitly applies, "the beloved physician." The cordiality with which he welcomed me the first time we ever met, never cooled. Who can ever forget the enthusiasm of those greetings he gave his friends? Though the interval may have been but a day or two, he was wont to approach with extended hands and press your friendly palm with his own, or lay his left upon your shoulder, as if to take you to his heart. The world is not rich enough in such men to let one go, from this or any other profession, without eulogy.

But more: To you his associates in scientific or medical study; to you his colleagues in practice or teaching; to you who have been his pupils and to all of us his neighbors and townsmen, the death of Dr. Armor is an instructive providence. The biographical data already published need not be repeated in detail. Between the day of his birth, January 29, 1819, in Pennsylvania, and his death in Brooklyn, October 29, 1885, were crowded nearly sixty-seven years of busy industry and brilliant success. Graduating with honors at Franklin College in 1839, and in medicine at St. Louis in 1844, he gave his life to teaching and practice, nearly twenty years of which have been devoted to the Long Island College Hospital, in this immediate neighborhood. The growing repute of this institution, especially as a pioneer in clinical instruction, is largely due to the professional ability and personal influence of its late Dean.

Professor Armor had a wonderful capacity for work. He had fine physical equipments. Nature and nurture, original and acquired power, made him what he was. He toiled with

cheerful zeal. He often bore weariness without complaint, and even disguised physical disability by that resiliency of spirit that gave an imperial supremacy to his will. I remember that once, towards the end of a lecture he apologized for slightly abbreviating the hour's work. He spoke of a wakeful night, a fevered pulse, and a temperature of 103. No one would have suspected illness, such was the resolute purpose that ever sustained him. The variety of his reading, the productiveness of his pen, his fluent and affluent speech, all proved the untiring industry of the scholar as well as the fidelity of the physician. For instance, he was a lover of verse, and found relief from more arduous pursuits, in committing to memory entire passages such as Burns' "Epistle to a Young Friend," which he would recite with wonderful feeling, his whole body being instinct with emotion, and his voice sweetly solemn and sympathetic.

A good memory was an adjuvant to his work. Fond of pulpit literature and sacred oratory, he would reproduce a discourse by Bishop Simpson or some other favorite he had listened to with notable fulness and accuracy. He told last spring with zest, of the enjoyment he had in addressing ministers at a camp meeting upon themes that touched medicine and divinity alike. After rehearsing the incident he said to me, "That's sound orthodoxy isn't it?" "Yes," said I, "you gave them a good sermon; I would vote for your approval as preacher."

The value he put on time, also enabled him to accomplish more work than many others as well furnished as he by nature and environment. When you met him in working hours, cordial though he was in greeting and attentive in listening, you felt that you had to do with a busy man. Cicero's maxim he applied to time. *Magnum est vectigal parsimonia*. Economy was a great revenue. Life's lessening store grew richer as life waned. He more than once expressed to me his regret that the pressure of work prevented his attendance at meetings of the Academy and his interest in our Anthropological studies. He was a man of marked individuality. A die or a medallion

might represent his clear cut mind and purpose. His urbanity was associated with no vacillating weakness. Cautious in investigating truth, he was decided in maintaining conclusions. Among the last sentences of his closing lecture he said to us, "I do not seek to make you medical skeptics, but medical apostles. We deal with vital facts and not dead theories of the past. Do not be forever acting uncertainly. Arm yourself with a pleasant placebo when nothing more is needed, but act when the path is clear. Rose water and mint practitioners are not wanted." His aim was unselfish. The night before his last departure for Europe he sat with a friend and gratefully reviewed the way in which God had led him. He said, "I have always had one, distinct aim in life, to be a teacher and a useful teacher to mankind. I have tried to put self out of sight, and Providence has opened to me doors of usefulness and honor without my seeking." Dignity, humility and gentleness combined to emphasize his action and his speech. His very look had power. As was said of another physician, in the sick room, his presence was a sermon, his posture a prayer, his silence a song. No wonder that he is missed in many a home. The day after his death one said to me, "Outside his own household he cannot be more missed than by us." A few hours later in another home, the same sorrowing lament was heard. So also has he left the impress of his personality on the classes he has taught in college. As Aristotle molded Alexander; Socrates, Alcibiades; Trebonius, Luther; and Thomas Arnold, every student of Rugby, so has Professor Armor left ineffaceable impressions on the thousands who have felt the guidance of his superb, imperial mind. "Who can take his place?" was almost the first ejaculation that followed the announcement of his death to the students.

AT LONG ISLAND MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The students met in the amphitheatre as usual for

recitation, October 27, when their instructor, Dr. Francis H. Stuart, addressed them as follows, speaking wholly impromptu :

GENTLEMEN : We have met under the shadow of a heavy cloud. I need not tell you what you already know, that Dr. Armor is dead ! This morning his laborious and useful life closed in peace. This event not only overshadows this college, where he is known and loved so well, but this community and the profession in which he has been an ornament so long. He came here a score of years ago full of honors, and every year he has grown in public regard ; but we did not know how large the place he filled was, until we heard he was nigh to death and could not live.

I dare not trust myself to speak of him here at this time, for his personal relations to me were of the tenderest, most intimate character. He was a father to me, and to some of my household he ministered at the outset of his extended career. He told us what he would not speak of to others, and some of these revelations of his inner life are very precious to recall, now that his lips are forever silent. He was a teacher from the time of his graduation. At Cincinnati many physicians came to hear the lectures of the " Boy Professor," as he was called, on account of his youthful looks. The presence of these his elders, experienced men in the medical profession, at first annoyed him. He grew nervous. Suddenly relief came. It was in this way. " I was sitting one morning,"—he said in substance " thinking over the matter. Why should I be afraid ? I have given to the subject on which I lecture thorough study and gained the newest thought. Not one who hears me can say more. Probably these men, busied with their practice have not had time to do as much. Each will doubtless be a learner from me. Why should I be nervous ? Instantly, as by a blow, the shackles fell from me, and never since have I been afraid to speak of what I knew." It was from no feeling of vanity that Dr. Armor gave this experience. It only illustrates the deliberation with which he reasoned out everything. When once he

reached the conclusion he stood, as it were, upon the solid granite. He was a teacher not only in the class room, but in the field of his profession. He was looked up to as one whose opinion carried weight. Nor did he stand aloof when approached for advice. Some great men are not accessible. They do not extend the hand of sympathy to those needing their counsel. They are chary of their words and reticent, even to their fellows. Not so with our revered friend. Wisdom dropped from his lips. Consultations with him were means of building up those whom he advised. Many times did he kindly respond to my call for counsel; and I have sometimes said, "I can well afford to pay you, Dr. Armor, this patient's fee in return for what I have learned from you in this consultation." To listen to his lucid exposition of a difficult case was an inspiring exercise. It seemed to me as if, standing in a room with closed shutters and drawn shades, where but a single ray of daylight entered, one had suddenly lifted the roof and flooded everything with the sunlight of heaven.

The success he won was not, however, traceable to his learning alone. He carried a warm heart as well as a clear brain. He did not rush into a sick room and out again after a few professional observations, but he bore himself with a deliberation, thoughtfulness and tenderness that drew people to him as a magnet draws steel filings. He was a peacemaker. He not only adjusted differences, but he was a bringer of peace. Do you ask the spring out of which came a life so exuberant and beneficent? Dr. Armor was a CHRISTIAN physician, not in name, merely, but in reality. He was not obtrusive; did not often talk about religion with strangers, or "carry it on his sleeve," as we say, but his example stirred the religious life in those with whom he oftenest met. With those he knew intimately he spoke unreservedly, and made them feel the strength of his religious convictions. It is well known that our profession is regarded by many as being indifferent to these things, if not tainted with infidelity. Such was the case at the

beginning of the present century, traceable in part to our military relations with France. The odium has clung to us ever since. But last Sunday I was asked by a gentleman of this city, if medical students were not an irreverent class of men. I was shocked at the imputation. He instanced their behavior in the dissecting room, and asked if their language was not jocose and profane. I told him emphatically, "No!" My experience as demonstrator in this college enabled me to say that I never heard a word in the dissecting room that would be improper to repeat elsewhere. It was with keen satisfaction that I was able to bear this testimony in reference to the institution of which Dr. Armor has so long been Dean.

His power was doubled in this community from the fact of his being a Christian Physician. No one can honor the clerical profession more highly than I do, but yet the physician's calling seems to me to be more enticing and stimulating. His years are, to be sure, passed in comparative obscurity. I have been a reader of medical biography and know how scanty, comparatively, this department of literature is. The minister, missionary, statesman and heroes in other vocations are oftener enshrined by the historian than the physician. When one dies like Dr. Armor, it is a painful thought to me that so many precious unwritten memorials of his life must perish. Yet I know that he cannot die, for he lives in me, in you and in thousands whom he has instructed through his long and busy life.

I did not think of saying so much when I began, but these unstudied words are the sincere tribute of my heart, and with them I dismiss you, hoping that at some other time some other voice may more fitly express the admiring esteem in which, in all our hearts, is held the memory of our lamented Dean.

Another, who was once a student under Dr. Armor, then associated with him in professional life, and finally in medical instruction, says :

In the lecture room he possessed me. He seemed apostolic. Never did he quicken any skeptical faculty. He spoke as one

having authority, yet he was ever ready to answer a doubt. He was open to a challenge, yet avoided an argument. The former he met as a mathematical proposition, but the latter, he saw, would be likely to carry with it much of personal feeling. His best work was at the bedside. He would patiently wait and feel his way along through difficulties that baffled others. He had the intuition of a woman. It acted swiftly and safely. Despairing physicians took courage as his keen prescience lit up the way. He also controlled reluctant and despairing patients, as when one thought himself unable to swallow a drop of fluid, he would with mingled gentleness and authority give him a tablespoonful. The muscles of deglutition took hold of it, and the patient gained courage and strength. He saved my life. I was near to death with pneumonia. Obituary references to me were made by my elders in the profession. I remember the rather pleasant daze or trance into which I sank. The period of unconsciousness was a blank. One day I woke and recognized Dr. Armor standing by my pillow. His voice was the first sound I had noticed for some time. "What shall we give this poor fellow to *eat*?" The very suggestion, the tone, the dish and the method of preparation were appetizing. Each word was a condiment, and food never tasted as good before.

My first work was largely among the poor in tenement houses. He cheerfully answered my frequent calls upon his time and strength, unreasonable though they were. He naturally loved his ease, as most of us do, but he conquered inclination. He valued money, but he distributed it among the needy without stint. He had his seasons of depression under burdens private and public. It was once my privilege to lighten a load by some remark which I have forgotten; but the grateful way in which he encircled me with his arms and expressed his feelings will not be forgotten.

Rev. A. J. Lyman tells me how impressively Dr. Armor, who was riding out with him, spoke at their last interview in reference to two vital points of medical success, one, that of cul-

tivating the whole man as opposed to that one-sided culture which is apt to narrow and dwarf one's intellectual and moral life ; the other, akin to it, the vast superiority of a broad, judicious synthesis as contrasted with the analytic method of diagnosis, that dwelling on various signs and symptoms often contradicting and confusing to the practitioner. "Generalize your disease, individualize your patient," was a remark often heard from his lips in the lecture room. In opening his last course of lectures he stated that his method was to convey essential facts in the plainest style, avoiding all bias and pretence. There were passages full of vivid power, as where he illustrated disease or "disturbed conditions of life" by the confusion of a post office where the blindfolded postmaster should attempt to parcel out packages to various centres while his vision or reason was obscured ; or that of a workshop where the master calls at the door to tell the occupant of one room to go and do the work of another workman, disabled, in addition to his own.

How impressive are these farewell words, the last he ever spoke in college, May 22. "I have but introduced you to the study of medicine, and invited you into some of the fields of inquiry. You must enter them and cultivate them in years to come, bearing to men the fruits of your ripe experience of useful professional life. There is a horizon of knowledge broader than our present vision. There are paths the stillness of which has never been broken by the footfall of the boldest philosopher. No echo from these solitudes has yet reached our ears. It may be for some of you to explore these as yet unknown territories. Should we meet again in coming years it will be a joy to me to know that you have made into these regions explorations satisfactory to yourselves and beneficent to others."

With pendency in teaching or quackery in practice he had no patience. He scanned a subject as he used to scan a patient in those clinical lectures in the amphitheatre. He took its measurements at a glance and stripped it of every adventitious appendage, generous to truth and honesty, but

merciless in the exposure of error and deceit, To use the picturesque verse of Emerson.

“With beams December planets dart,
His cold eye truth and conduct scanned ;
July was in his sunny heart,
October in his liberal hand.”

In his private counsels, as in his public teaching, there mingled those two elements that Dean Swift extolled in his apologue of the Bee and Spider—long before Matthew Arnold borrowed the phrase—“Sweetness and light,” a sweetness like that of honey and a light like that of ancient lamps which burned with scented flame, shedding the fragrance as well as the brightness and warmth of living truth. Into his routine academic life he introduced those broader generalizations of truth which penetrate and fashion character for good. For example, in speaking of Nature’s progress from simple to complex, from the lower life, the vegetative and organic which needs no education, to the higher realm of cerebral physiology which has to do with consciousness, with thought and obligation, I remember how timely were the hints he gave us as to the need of training our higher forces and of living the higher life as opposed to that of animal impulses. There was an emphasis too, speaking of Nature’s balance between birth-action and decay, when he said, “We die to live!” I may have read between the lines, but he often seemed to me a preacher, using the facts and correspondences of a lower sphere to accentuate the realities of a higher. He had learned in these two-score years of teaching that he was training men as well as physicians; that he had to do with character as well as culture, and that he was giving to his pupils a direction in life that was very likely to be permanent.

Agassiz once stood on an Alpine summit where he could, he said, throw a chip at pleasure to the right, so that it would reach the German Ocean by the cataracts of the Rhine, or to the left, so that it would reach the Mediterranean by the Rhone, or backward to follow the winding Danube to the angry Euxine

Sea. The widest extremes of destiny often begin at the same initial point. A word dropped from a teacher's lips may be a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death. Dr. Armor realized this, and so in his moral as well as medical precepts he was "apostolic." Never trenching on the pulpit's province he still remembered, perhaps, that in the universities of the Middle Ages *clericus* and *scholaris* were interchangeable terms; *doctor*, *dominus* and *studium*, in Justinian's day had distinctly a spiritual flavor.

Rev Dr. Snively of Grace Church on the Heights, his pastor, writes as follows:

He was eminently a Christian physician and a Christian man. His scientific investigations never had for a moment obscured the vision of his faith; and learned as he was in his special line of study and thought, he was still, in the simplicity of his nature, a humble learner in the school of Christ. Indeed, his thorough conscientiousness seemed to be interwoven with the very fibre and texture of his nature. Grand as he was in the natural endowment of intellect and character, he was grander still in the loyal devotion of his entire being to the ideal of a christian manhood as revealed in the gospel of Christ our Lord."

It is here that we may fitly conclude our sketch of this beloved physician. Why should we multiply these reminiscences? We cannot add one cubit unto his stature! It rises in simple, yet conspicuous beauty, an object worthy our reverent contemplation. Yet Dr. Armor was not faultless, for he was a human. Were he here he would add yet one more wise prescription to the many he has written, and say, "Beware of indiscriminate praise. The value of a eulogy is in its truthfulness. Paint me as I am! Praise not me, but him by whom I have been able to do what I have done."

When first I saw the cathedral at Cologne, in 1855, there stood the unfinished towers with the rustling crane swinging in the air; at once mute, eloquent witnesses of the magnificent work

of six centuries past, and suggestions of an architectural glory yet to be consummated. That Gothic minister is now complete in its matchless perfection of beauty. But a human character is a grander production than cathedral or pyramid. The processes of its growth and the purpose of its destiny anticipate a sweep of years, in comparison with which time itself is but a dream. We only behold the beginnings here. We hear the sound of the hanner and axe and tool of iron. We see the scaffolding and much rubbish, all of which will be removed when the work is done and the temple of God shall stand complete, his handiwork in glory supernal and eternal. Into that glory, we believe, our friend has entered. The work of preparation is over, the last blow is struck; it is finished. The top-stone is laid. "Joy above, but grief below." How sudden and pathetic that passage within the veil! There was no death-bed "scene" with its farewells and its tears, but in the solemn silence of a statesque repose,

"He passed through morning's golden gate
And walked in Paradise."

What superb possibilities are illustrated in a life like this! Despite the limitations of human character and the infelicities of human condition, to what serene, commanding altitudes we may attain! Let us follow our lamented associate, teacher and friend, led by the same heavenly Hand, till we meet him and greet him again, in the presence of the King!

Shall not the luminous example of this "Beloved Physician" lead this community to a profounder appreciation of the work of the medical profession, specially of so beautiful and humane a charity as that which is represented in the Long Island College Hospital? Can we not testify our admiring regard for its departed Dean—not only by private praise and public eulogy—but by a generous endowment of the institution to which Professor Armor gave the best years and the last years of his toilful life?

MEMORIAL MEETING AT THE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

A meeting called by the medical students of the Long Island College Hospital was held in the Lecture-room formerly occupied by Professor Armor, Friday evening, Nov. 6, 1885. The faculty occupied the platform, the students, the surgeons and nurses the front seats. A number of the alumni and other friends were present. The desk was draped in mourning and also a life-size portrait of the late Dean, which hung over the platform. The chairman, Mr. George H. Hope of the class of '86 invited Rev. E. P. Thwing, Ph. D., to offer prayer, after which the hymn "Nearer to Thee" was sung by a college quartette, Messrs. White, Bruce, Clark and Ruppel.

The Registrar, Professor Jarvis S. Wight, M. D., then remarked :

GENTLEMEN :—I have often met you in these halls, when I have tried to aid you in preparing for your life-work. But to-night we have come together for another purpose ; we are here with heavy hearts, to show our grief for the loss of one of the best of men and one of the ablest of medical teachers; we are here to manifest our respect for and embalm the memories of him who has so lately finished one of the noblest life-works that has ever been done by man, your consummate teacher—our incomparable colleague; the man whom we all respected and loved—we as an elder brother—you as a father.

You who have known him only for a little time, are moved and affected by his departure. Those who have listened to his eloquent and instructive lectures on the principles of medicine, will never hear his voice in these halls again. That commanding form is gone; that generous heart-beat is forever still ; that far-seeing brain comes here no more to think and instruct. What a loss you have sustained !

Ah ! my young friends, how little you can comprehend the loss to those who for years have worked side by side with our

departed friend, who have had the benefit of his counsel and the support of his encouragement. He was always calm and serene in the shadows of disaster. More than once have I appealed to him in behalf of our Alma Mater, and it has never been in vain. Not long ago he thought of retiring from active life. He told me he wanted rest. I told him it was a grand thing to consummate life in the cause of medical education. He replied that he had put his hand to the plow, and would not turn back. The rest that he had longed for came much too soon for us. His work here is consummated. Such a work! and such a life! Could any one of you lift the veil of the future and see as much benefaction fall as fruit from your tree of life—could you ask for more? Would not your highest ambition be realized? And what does all this mean?

It means that you have many and rare gifts; that you are a most skillful physician; that you are a great medical teacher; that your heart is full of sympathy; that your intellect is not clouded by feeling; that you are a disciple of the great Physician. It means success in the broadest and truest sense. And that success reaches over into your life and mine. Our work will be better, because we have known him and his work. While we have lost our friend and brother, we have not lost his example. I feel that I can practice and teach better, because he has taught and practiced here. And so the memory of the good man's works becomes perennial. His deeds are woven into the texture of our lives, so that for us he needs no other monument.

What a loss we have sustained! And yet the community, in which your teacher and my colleague lived, have lost a faithful friend, a trusted adviser, and a loyal citizen. This loss appears to be irreparable. Who can take his place? Is it not true, after all, that each man has his work to do in this world, and that, as we are all different, no man can do, in the strictest sense, another man's work?

Would that it had been so ordered by Providence that he who has departed had not been taken from us and this commun-

ity. And while we submit to this sad dispensation, and while our hearts are full of grief, we respect his character and hold it up for an example ; we admire his many accomplishments ; we commend his life as worthy of imitation ; we have the highest regard for the singular purity of his life ; we shall lay a wreath and a crown o'er him in his last resting place ; we shall cherish his memory and keep it perennially green during all the years to come ; and we shall have and keep an abiding faith, that for him, who was so much to you and his colleagues in so many ways, the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal shall put on immortality.

Professor A. J. C. Skene was the next speaker. He said:

One cannot think clearly, far less speak effectively, while yet in the darkness of the shadow of the valley which, for the time being, divides us from the one whose memory we cherish. To speak about one who a few hours ago spoke to us with a voice of a master and friend, would be to express how far his life was a necessity to the completeness of our own lives. When we feel the most, we incline to keep our feelings in the depths of our own souls, as something altogether too sacred to express in words. The deepest sorrow is silent, and the purest love and most profound admiration is not expressed in what we say. No words of mine can convey to you my thoughts of him, who in our profession, was my father ; in social life, my brother ; and in all, my counselor and friend. Can I tell you of his social and moral character? No, the record of his life, from his cradle to his grave, is an open book with no blank leaves, and no obscure pages needing explanation to make them interesting and appreciated. Can I tell you about his rank and position in the profession of medicine? His own record is his only true history. We must listen to the voice of the thousands who knew him in order to know the general estimate of the man. No one man can tell in full the story of his life. Could I relate one-half of the beautiful things that I have heard said about Dr. Armor while he lived I would pay the highest tribute to his

memory, and my duty at this time would be well done. If every man, woman and child whom he made stronger, happier and better by his professional ministrations should lay some token of regard upon his grave, he would rest beneath countless treasures, and his monument would rival in magnitude that of any soldier, statesman or scholar in this land. He was a great man ! Not that he soared above his fellow men in any one line of thought, but because of his completeness. Many a time while trying to obtain a just estimate of the man, I have thought of him as I would of a grand work of art, splendid in design and perfect in detail. A work that would bear inspection from every point of view ; with strong lines that suggested strength and beauty at a distance ; and fineness of texture and finish under the scrutiny of close inspection. In the soft light of the morning and evening, attractive and agreeable, and none the less satisfying and pleasing in the light of the noonday sun. If the brilliancy which captivate and dazzles for a brief hour were not there, there was an unostentatious strength and a refined beauty which quietly but surely attracted attention, and held the observer a willing captive.

To the members of the profession and the people of this city it is needless to say one word regarding his professional career, but I may say to the members of the medical class, that as a physician whose aim in life was to heal the sick and relieve suffering, he was pre-eminent. In this he found true success and his reward in the gratitude and esteem of all who knew him. He was the clearest and most comprehensive observer, the most exact and critical reasoner in the sick room, and the most learned and accomplished therapeutist that I have ever seen.

As a teacher, he was also a master, and one possessing a strong individuality. His method of imparting knowledge had a charm about it which drew the student to him. His grasp of general principles of the science and art of medicine, and his wonderful power of classifying and generalizing truths and actions, and the laws which govern them, enabled him to lead

his students through the mysteries of medical knowledge, not only with ease, but pleasure. His method of teaching was peculiarly attractive and effective. Being intensely interested himself, his interest and enthusiasm extended to his classes until they became eager to know and learn of him, and while their interest was thus fixed, he led them on to a final and full comprehension of that which he had most desired to impart. To study medicine under the teaching of some of us, is a tedious and tiresome duty. With him, it was, indeed, a pleasure.

But the range of his thoughts was not limited to his chosen profession ; he had a keen interest in all the branches of human knowledge. General literature and the natural sciences had a special charm for him. His conversation was most fascinating while he discussed his views of nature and nature's laws. He was always eloquent and interesting whether his theme was the glorious mystery of the stars above his head or the beauty of the meadow flowers beneath his feet. He often appeared to me like a gem which received the light of the world from all around, and gave it back far more brilliant and beautiful than when it came.

We shall miss him, but should we grieve for him? We should rather express our profound thankfulness that such a man lived and labored for our benefit. I have known him longer and more intimately than any one here, and I am profoundly grateful for that blessing, which made my life fuller and more complete, and happier—his companionship.

While a student I met him first, face to face, one evening when I returned to the lecture room for my note book, which I had forgotten. He was coming out from the faculty room after his lecture and I expected him to pass me with the ordinary salutation which professors condescend to give to students ; but it was otherwise with him. He took my hand then, and from that day to this, I have felt the kindly grasp and guiding power of that hand. To go with him from that time onward in his professional work and social life, was my pleasure and blessed priv-

ilege; and the strength and happiness which I have derived therefrom is felt but cannot be expressed. Where he is now, there I hope to join him and find with him my paradise, as I found peace on earth while in his company.

The quartette sang "Rock of Ages." Professor Raymond spoke as follows:

He regarded it a great privilege to be able to contribute his brief testimony to the great work and unusual excellence of character of their late associate. During the twenty-six years of history of the institution they had had to mourn the loss of one president, two advisers and four professors, but he felt that all would agree with him that their loss had never been so great as now, when they were deprived of the instructor whose departure they mourned. They who had passed away before had most of them at the time of their death ceased their connection with the institution. Now they mourned the loss of one taken away in the very acme of his usefulness. Twenty years ago the speaker had listened to his first medical lecture, which was delivered by Dr. Armor. Since then the speaker had been during many years privileged to be associated with him in teaching, and he could not convey an adequate idea of the value of the association in mere words. It has been his privilege to be attended by Dr. Armor during sickness, and not till then did he thoroughly appreciate what a help to the sick the physician can be. Those who had been brought in contact with him in his practice could bear testimony that he never used drugs unless where absolutely necessary. He always made the natural history of the disease his strong point in the treatment, believing that in nature there was the restoring power which would often bring back the patient to health. He carried out this great principle consistently and taught it. His joyous, pleasant manner when he entered a sick-room was a balm in itself and taught physicians a lesson never to be forgotten. Now that his teachings had gone out into the world, it was impossible to estimate their value. More than one thou-

sand physicians had been trained and educated under his immediate supervision, and thus his influence and power were widening even after his death. People are very apt to look upon the loss of a friend as irreparable ; but life, like placid water, resumes its level after its surface has been disturbed. On this occasion, however, the loss was really irreparable. It was not only the loss of a friend, a teacher, the head of a faculty—it was a loss to the city of its most prominent medical practitioner, one whose place it will be so difficult to fill that his death is a loss to the entire country.

Dr. F. H. Stuart said :

I am glad you have arranged this memorial meeting, for it has called out from those who have spoken to you to-night the beautiful tributes to the memory of Dr. Armor to which you have listened with such earnest attention. When I spoke to you at some length on the day Dr. Armor died, it was out of a heart full of grateful memories. I then said to you that I hoped others would speak, as they have done to-night, more fully and fittingly than I was able to do. But none can speak more sincerely of their affection, esteem and reverence for Dr. Armor and his memory than I do. He honored me with his confidence and by an intimacy which, in view of our disparity of years, was all the more valued by me.

I cannot add another line to the picture that has been set before you by those who have already spoken. Should I attempt it I fear I would mar the portrait which I trust you each will carry with you from this hour of the revered teacher, the learned and sagacious physician, the warm friend, the Christian man whom the college, the profession, and the city mourn.

“A great man’s smile, ye ken fu’ well,
Is aye a blest infection.”

For the purpose of giving you a side light, as it were, upon Dr. Armor, I want to read you a little poem of Robert Burns, which he once recited at our table at home, which I might almost say was Dr. Armor’s creed. I wish that he had some time repeated

it here in his matchlessly impressive manner. Every shade of thought was exquisitely conveyed by a tone or a gesture. We may all ponder it, and with him imbibe good lessons from it. It was "An Epistle to a Young Friend"—Andrew Aitken.

After Dr. Stuart had read the poem, the exercises were brought to a close by the singing of the following hymn, written by Dr. Thwing for the occasion. It was sung to the tune "Pleyel."

Golden grain from harvest ripe
 Angel reapers gather in.
 Joy above, but grief below,
 Where the reapers' steps have been.

Silent is the voice that here
 Paths of wisdom did reveal;
 Prone and pulseless lies the hand
 That with loving skill did heal.

Tears bedew that laurelled brow,
 Grateful lips repeat his name;
 Memory in her shrine shall burn
 Vestal fires of scented flame.

Farewell, Teacher, Father, Friend!
 We no more thy face shall see,
 But thy LIFE our steps shall lead
 Till we reach the crystal sea!

MEDICAL SOCIETY

OF

KINGS COUNTY.

The obituary Committee on the late Dr. Samuel G. Armor respectfully present the following minute, resolution, and reports :

This Society gratefully recalls and pays a tribute to the memory of its late associate, Dr. Samuel G. Armor, as a Christian gentleman of noble motives and pure life, whose modest demeanor and hearty frankness won the confidence of all ; as a faithful attendant on the meetings of the Society and a free and spirited contributor to its deliberations , as a physician, skilful, faithful, and sincere ; as an adviser, honest and helpful ; as a scholar of varied and thorough learning ; as a teacher, erudite, winning and instructive ; as a friend, warm-hearted and constant ; and as an adornment to the profession to which he had devoted his life.

Resolved : That the Society cause this minute, with the report of its Memorial Committee, to be spread upon its records, and that a copy thereof be sent to the family of our deceased friend.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DR. ARMOR.

BY DR. F. E. WEST.

SAMUEL GLASGOW ARMOR was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 29, 1819. He was descended from good Scotch stock, his father tracing his descent from the family of Miss Armor, the wife of Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest poet; and his mother, whose maiden name was Glasgow, from the Kirkpatricks, a family of high standing, in early times among the nobility of Scotland.

In 1830 he removed with his parents to Holmes County, Ohio.

Like most boys in Ohio at that time, he did not have much opportunity for early education, but appropriated and improved such as he had to the best advantage. Says one who knew him well: "He was a manly boy, of pure, faultless character, and hence in early life wasted no time in idleness, but, being ambitious and industrious, with great energy of purpose, he early manifested great capacity to learn, and readily prepared himself for college."

He entered Franklin College, at New Athens, Ohio, and remained there two years, but because of limited means, was unable to graduate. During his first year in this institution, he was elected Contest Orator for his society, and won the honor against a talented member of the senior class.

This same institution, at its commencement on June 26, 1872, conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.

Being a natural orator, and an easy and ready writer, when just of age, he entered the campaign of 1840 as an active, young Whig politician, making several eloquent speeches, and, in connection with another boy of his own age who afterwards became his brother-in-law, edited a very spirited Whig campaign paper.

On leaving college he entered the office of his brother-in-law, Dr. James S. Irvine, who was a leading physician of Mil-

lersburg, Ohio, and also clerk of the courts of Holmes County. When not engaged writing up the court records, he studied medicine, also adding to his general literary and scientific learning.

Meanwhile, a young lawyer named Welker, who is now Judge of the United States Courts of Northern Ohio, married his sister, and induced him to study law, and he was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1843.

The contentions and disputes incident to this profession he did not like, and never pursued its practice. His legal study, however, he never regretted, as it was of great service to him in his career as a physician and teacher. He frequently alluded to the general principles of evidence in considering medical questions.

Soon after his admission to the bar, he resumed his medical studies, and graduated at the Missouri Medical College of St. Louis in 1844. Following his graduation, he located in Rockford, Ill. He was not allowed to remain long, however, in the private walks of his profession, but quickly commenced his career as a teacher of medicine.

In 1847 he accepted an invitation to deliver a special course of lectures on physiology in the Rush Medical College, of Chicago, Ill., and the following year was tendered the chair of physiology and pathology in this institution, but declined it, as he had just accepted the same chair in the medical college at Keokuk, Iowa. Here he remained some time, and engaged in the active practice of his profession.

He subsequently resigned his position at Keokuk, and accepted the chair of natural sciences in the Cleveland University.

In 1853 the Ohio State Medical Society offered a prize for the best essay on a medical or surgical topic. The prize was awarded to Dr. Armor for his essay upon the "Zymotic Theory of the Essential Fevers."

This essay gave the doctor a great reputation throughout the Western States, and it was during the same year that

he was invited to accept the chair of physiology and pathology in the Medical College of Ohio, located at Cincinnati; this he did, resigning his position in the Cleveland University. During the following year he was transferred to the chair of pathology and practice of medicine and clinical medicine, which position he continued to fill during his connection with the school.

During the reading of his prize essay before the State Society, then in session at Dayton, Ohio, Miss Mary A. Holcomb, only daughter of a retired merchant, a young lady of fine ability and great culture, was present.

Their acquaintance soon ripened into mutual attachment, and they were married in 1856.

After marriage Dr. Armor changed his residence to Dayton, continuing his connection with the college at Cincinnati. In Dayton he succeeded in building up a good practice.

Previous to the consolidation of the two medical schools in Cincinnati, he resigned. The Cincinnati *Medical Journal*, in commenting upon this resignation says: "We have heard many lecturers, both in this country and in Europe, but we have heard but few who could surpass Prof. Armor in riveting the attention of a class."

Immediately on resigning, he was elected to the chair of pathology and clinical medicine in the Missouri Medical College of St. Louis. He delivered one course of lectures in this school, but, although urged to remain, declined to do so, and returned to his practice in Dayton.

One of the Philadelphia medical journals, in speaking of his resignation says: "Dr. S. G. Armor, of Dayton, Ohio, one of the most able and elegant lecturers in the great West, has resigned the professorship of pathology and clinical medicine in the Missouri University. To those who are acquainted with Dr. Armor's fine abilities as a public teacher, no praise of ours will add to his fame. It is with no disposition to disparage others that we declare our conviction that, in the peculiar powers of a didactic teacher, he is not surpassed in the United States.

It seems to us impossible that Dr. Armor should remain long in private life. With talents which will so greatly enhance the reputation of any institution in whose interest they may be employed, we predict for him at no distant day an increase of fame in some new and more extended field."

This prediction was not long in attaining a realization, for in 1862 he accepted the chair of institutes of medicine and materia medica in the University of Michigan.

During the war of the rebellion, the doctor was sent by the Governor of Ohio to inspect the sanitary condition of the Ohio troops in the field. He gathered and reported much valuable information, which was of great service to the medical department of the army.

After connecting himself with the Michigan University, he removed his residence to Detroit, where he soon entered upon a large and lucrative practice; and, whenever during recent years he returned to that city, if only for a few days' visit, he was called upon in a professional capacity.

That he was held in high esteem by the profession of Detroit, the resolutions recently adopted by the Detroit Academy of Medicine, and published in the New York medical journals testify.

In 1866 he was called to the chair of therapeutics, materia medica and general pathology in the Long Island College Hospital of this city, and the following year on the resignation of Prof. Flint, was transferred to that of practice of medicine and clinical medicine. This position he continued to hold, up to the time of his death, October 27, 1885.

His first wife died in this city 1879. They had one child, a daughter, who married Dr. Ward, of Chicago. In 1883 Dr. Armor married the wife who now survives him. She was the widow of General Yorke, of Cincinnati, and is a lady of culture and fine education.

In Dr. Armor's death, many of us lost a valued friend, the profession, a shining exponent, and the city and country, one whose place will be hard to fill.

Of his twenty years' work in this city, others, who have known him longer; will speak. I cannot refrain from saying a few words, however.

Our acquaintance began about twelve years ago. During the past nine years I have known him intimately, and a great part of that time, been closely associated with him. He was a man of wonderful simplicity of character, always cordial and genial in his greeting. His equanimity of temper was remarkable; almost never have I seen it ruffled.

His individuality was decided, a man of firm convictions, yet never dogmatic or obstinate. His conversation was always instructive, and he never failed to give you something to think about. His study had not been confined to medical subjects alone, but was quite general, and, having a very retentive memory, he could talk intelligently, and at times eloquently, upon almost any subject. He had traveled a great deal both in this country and Europe, and well do I recall the graphic descriptions of places he had visited. As a teacher of medicine, he had few equals. This was the universal testimony of students who listened to him. His style was simple yet forcible. He had a faculty of formulating the important facts of a subject in such a way that students could grasp them intelligently and retain them. One of his associates in the faculty at Ann Arbor once said that Dr. Armor beat any man to put horns on a subject, he ever saw.

In practice, he was remarkably strong in therapeutics and prognosis. For the ordinary conduct of a case, I did not regard him as unusual. He was too large a man for detail; but, for an occasion, or in an emergency, I do not know his equal. His resource seemed boundless.

It is a great loss to the world that he did not leave in some tangible form his general ideas of therapeutics.

In my opinion, they would have been somewhat of the form of, and as enduring a monument as, Headland's "Action of Remedies."

In prognosis he especially excelled. His faculty for observation, his sound judgment and analytic mind, together with an unusually retentive memory, made him remarkable in this direction. Many are the incidents which recall this power to those who knew him.

His writings were mainly for the current medical literature.

The last published article is a chapter in Pepper's "System of Medicine," on "Functional and Inflammatory Diseases of the Stomach." Unfortunately his unpublished manuscript consists solely of short lecture-notes, which were of use only to himself. Had they been written as they were delivered, his already wide reputation would have been greatly extended.

CAUSES OF DR. ARMOR'S INFLUENCE IN THE PROFESSION.

BY DR. ALEXANDER HUTCHINS.

Dr. Armor's life was, to a large extent, passed prominently before the eyes of his professional brethren. Mourned by many, as the departure of personal friends is mourned, by many more his death was felt to be a serious loss. This means, if it means anything more than the shock that is felt at sundering the ties of good-fellowship, that he was contributing something to the sum of human advantage, and that those who knew him believed that his work was not done, and that, if further opportunity had been given him, he had capacity for still further usefulness to his fellows. The character of the eulogiums that have been pronounced upon him all indicate that this is the general belief.

He has left behind him no monumental work. There is no one rounded effort of his for the present or future generations to point to as his special contribution to the world's treasure-house. He has lighted no beacon on a bold headland, whose rays are to illumine the pathway of any who shall, in later days, be groping their way with uncertain steps.

Not thus is he to be judged and his memory recalled. He was a man of distinctive personality, doing his duty well in ways peculiar to himself, and exerting influence for good, whose expression is to be found in the repetition of that influence in other lives. He was a man of mark, not because of occasional outbursts of his fullness of power, but because it was his mission to be a continual dispenser of that which was continually being wrought out within himself.

From the purely professional side it may not be without avail to recall certain aspects of his life, which made these characteristics keep him within the modest circle of the always welcome friend, teacher, and adviser.

Dr. Armor was distinctively and always a physician. Utterly removed from any taint of braggadocia or the intrusiveness of shop-talk, his purpose in life, his bent of habits and his conversational drift led those who were in contact with him to the inevitable sense that he was in every fibre the medical man. He lived in the engrossing environment of the one absorbing life-work of professional contemplation and deed. The impression that he made on his associates was that of one pre-occupied with his profession. Association, occupation, study, the illumination of diverse knowledge, all trended on the professional road. With other casts of mind and habits of living, this might drive headlong into pedantry ; with him in his round of duties, it meant an influence. And this influence, without pretence or intrusiveness, was Dr. Armor's mission. He was a born teacher : he found his place and held it to the end.

His congenial, and it might almost be said with accuracy his exclusive, associations were with his professional brethren. A glance over the many unbroken years of his official connections sufficiently confirms this statement. His life was spent among medical men. For many years his duties drifted him away from the ordinary relations of professional life, and, separated from the particular ambitions and competitions that bring into bold relief and friction the personality of most men, he instinctively

sought sympathy and association among those whose tendencies of life corresponded with his own, and on a plane removed from any contests where rivalry begets restraint. It was less a matter of premeditation than a necessity arising out of what he was. By reason of this, it was congenial to him to be the helpful, and not patronizing, associate of those who were working their way up into the places of professional life. The instinct of medical study made student life agreeable to him, and the teacher became, perforce, the associate of the taught. It needs no sentences to explain another cause of Dr. Armor's influence.

In keeping with those same characteristics was his easy and steady affiliation with the organized societies of medical men. He drifted naturally to conventions of his kind, absorbing from others and contributing of his own. At the meetings of this Society, scarce one more regular; in smaller coteries of similar intent, he was drawn as regularly, the magnet in either being the same irresistible drift toward that which made up the fullness of his life. From large motives he had a profound sense of the importance of organized societies of medical men. He held the sure conviction that the profession of medicine lay as a necessary foundation for a wise and judicious and effective practice of the art. He held, as all sober men must know, that the practice of medical arts, unanchored to the *esprit du corps* that holds fast and unique the body of the medical profession, must inevitably disintegrate into innumerable deceit. His ways led him within these walls from choice, but that choice was moved by a judgment convincing him that these societies were the protection of professional honor. To this, also, is to be ascribed somewhat of the influence he held among us.

In recalling these aspects of his memory, it is not a small matter, or one to be treated lightly, that Dr. Armor's ways were apart from those of the great mass of his brethren. It is not to his credit or discredit, it is not for eulogy or censure, for applause or sneer, that the business instinct was entirely subordinate in his mental constitution. Had his abilities been di-

rected other than as they were, and the acquisitive element found a financial playground, the Dr. Armor that we knew would not have been. It is the mere statement of a fact in his career, without prejudice to the hosts of his peers who are honoring the profession he adorned and whose construction is different from his. But it does add clearness to one other aspect of his influence, that he was approachable without possible intervening cloud of competition. He could never be in want, but no combination of opportunity could have ever diverted him from his congenial task.

Thoroughly in harmony with these characteristics was the fact that Dr. Armor's position among his fellows was prominent by reason of his large and general acquirements. He was a large and varied reader. His acute intellectual grasp and a logical habit of mind enabled him to so classify his information as to make it available when needed. His habit of thought was essentially logical. Though not a disputant, he always argued. Some of our soundest as well as most brilliant and successful brethren grasp their situations with rapid precision, and would find it difficult to re-state the argument for the benefit of others. Dr. Armor's mental habits were cast in another mould. He was under the necessity of going over the argument to himself before the conclusion was reached. And this was equally true in his relations with his professional friends. In consultations, in society discussions, in written papers, and in scientific coterie, this mental habit was uniform. He was a lecturer by necessity, and he could not escape from his thralldom. It takes a very moderate experience to perceive that, for the average man, similarly endowed with these mental habits, the courtesy of his associates might at times be put to severe strain. Dr. Armor, however, had in him the gentle instincts that would not permit him to be tedious or monopolizing, as well as the large experience and broad culture that rapidly sifted out the unimportant detail which (though few men can be exhaustive) made him uniformly instructive and helpful.

It will hardly be questioned, in these days when so much is being said and so little done in the way of a higher medical education, that there is an appreciative need of something other than is offered in the medical schools, and gained in the ordinary activities and attrition of medical life. That the arts of medicine are practiced at their best by large numbers of medical men must be held as true. That the all-around men, capable of meeting off-hand the diverse emergencies of human ills, are scattered all over wherever civilization has pushed its way is, likewise, without doubt. That these men are useful, and honest, and well-doers, and needful, does not admit of debate. It is a meaningless fling that no great competency is required to practice medicine; for the routine details of all professions and occupations are being performed with accuracy and satisfaction everywhere by men who, honorably and acceptably doing their allotted work, have neither the desire nor the ability to do other than they are doing, and who will pass on so to the end. The needs of the world would hardly be satisfied if a so-called liberal education were exacted of all novitiates in medical study, and it by no means follows that, if by common consent this exaction were demanded, all medical men would be planets in the professional firmament. But it is, nevertheless, true that the profession of medicine is strengthened by its men of varied power and accomplishment, and that medicine has been made a profession by the men who have had the power to evolve and arrange its principles. The great mass of the honest workers therein must be content to use the principles furnished to their hands, and be glad to honor the men who have been more worthily endowed with higher powers and larger opportunities.

It is no reckless eulogy or fulsome apotheosis to say, as we look back upon the life that was spent among us, that Dr. Armor, who did his duty well, did it well in his station, because he believed in and labored for the upbuilding of the profession; that he is to be remembered as one who, fitted for large oppor-

tunities, filled his place with honor to himself and advantage to his brethren ; and who, endowed with large natural gifts, adorned them with the graces of general culture. The days of hero-worship are fleeing fast away from these days of intense individualism and widespread information. Dr. Armor was not a hero ; on the contrary, he was a plain, unobtrusive man, well endowed, who helped his fellow-men.

And we shall none of us lose by recalling him. A man so placed that he can spend his life in strengthening the foundation of the edifice he occupies, to base it more firmly for those who are to occupy it when he is gone, may well inspire us all to self-scrutiny as to how possible it may be for us to make life easier for those about us now, and more fruitful and enjoyable for those who are to take the places we must leave.

The oft-quoted—but, among men living the life we are living, the never-to-often-quoted—maxim of Lord Bacon is fitting to this memorial notice of our friend :

“I hold every man a debtor to his profession, from the which, as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto. This is performed, in some degree, by the honest and liberal practice of a profession : when men shall carry a respect, not to descend into any course that is corrupt and unworthy thereof, and preserve themselves free from the abuse wherewith the same profession is noted to be infected. But much more is this performed if a man be able to visit and strengthen the roots and foundations of the science itself, thereby not only growing it in reputation and dignity, but also amplifying it in perfection and sustenance.”

DR. ARMOR'S PLACE IN THE PROFESSION.

BY DR. ALEXANDER J. C. SKENE.

Marble, bronze and canvas, under the magic touch of the artist, are made to perpetuate the material forms of those who

are gone ; but this is all that the artist can do. The lifeless image can bring back the living reality to the memory of those only who knew the being while living.

The pen-portrait of the faithful biographer alone can preserve men as manifested by their thoughts and actions while in life. It is the immortal work of the man that we most highly prize and most desire to perpetuate. All men have a physical being that can be photographed ; few leave a monumental life-work worthy of preservation.

The thoughts, words and deeds of Dr. Armor, if preserved and faithfully portrayed, would show one of Nature's masterpieces, an honor to the race, acceptable to the critic, and valuable as a model to the aspiring student.

Dr. Armor was the beneficent physician. He was known as such, and will be remembered as just that manner of man.

All he did and all he said were for the benefit of those who needed his aid and care.

Not the scholar bending over his books at the midnight hour, lost in thought and far from the sorrows and suffering of the human race ; not the theorist toying with some corpuscle or cell while the human being from which it was taken lay tortured with pain, perhaps dying, for want of a drop of water or anodyne ; not the ambitious man, reading, searching, experimenting and writing in the hope of doing something that would bring fame, fortune and immortality in the memory of men ; not the renowned discoverer laboring in the laboratory to solve the problem of life, disease and death, enthusiastic and happy in his systematic work, because believing that indirectly he is benefitting his kind.

Dr. Armor was not a discoverer, neither was he generally known as an original worker in any special field of investigation ; but in his knowledge of the discoveries of others, and in his power to classify, harmonize and adapt them to the everyday wants of the human race, he was without a rival in his day.

He lived and labored continually to adapt human knowledge to the wants of mankind.

Knowledge to him was valuable only so far as it gave him power to do his work as a physician. He gathered from all sources every scrap of knowledge which could help him in his practice, but he never lingered to muse and speculate about the possibilities of any crude theories, no matter how fascinating they might be to a lover of abstract science.

He was a workman who loved his work, and valued it so far as it gave tangible and useful results.

Men of this type are generally called practical; in the case of our fellow and friend, practical meant useful. In this he was a representative American physician: one possessing all that was requisite and necessary to the object of his life.

He was competent—eminently so by nature and culture. He enjoyed his work, and did it with all his might. The tall, striking figure, strong and kindly face, and voice which was manly and musical, gave him a respectful hearing at all times and in all places.

His manner was peculiarly simple, indeed quite plain at times. There was a dash of hearty off-hand freedom which had in it more of the Western prairie than of the parlor or French salon, and was not at first acceptable to the reserved autocrat of the East. But, though rugged and unconventional, he was ever pure and kind, and sure to win respect and esteem in time.

His social conduct towards his patients was exactly what the highest culture of the present age demanded. He looked upon patients and their friends as intelligent beings, whose rights had the first claim to respect. He had nothing in him akin to the pompous autocrat of the profession, whose stronghold and safety are dignity and a mysterious use of words. Neither had he any trace of the glib-tongued shopman of the profession, who talks for effect.

He gained confidence (by a free expression of his views regarding disease and treatment), and kept it by faith in his own knowledge, trust in the intelligence of his patients, and his own uncompromising honesty.

He knew nothing whatever about acting for personal favor. His code of professional ethics was based upon his own honesty of purpose and confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the great mass of the people. This placed him in the highest relations to the most worthy and appreciative of his fellow-men, and guarded him from the annoyance of the butterflies and moths of society that are attracted by glare.

He started out in life with an inherent love of knowledge and an inherited honesty of purpose, and these were his guides through all his professional career.

His professorial robes were as pure and white when he laid them aside as they were when he put them on in his youth, one year after he graduated in medicine.

He was naturally constituted for a physician: fine perceptive powers associated with good reason and judgment; in short, a well-balanced large brain sustained by a strong body, and a heart which brought him into sympathy with the human race and gave him the desire to be useful to those around him.

The whole course of training from boyhood up was all in the way of making him complete and fully capable of the great object of his life. This raised him high in the ranks of men, and made him a true specialist in medicine—one with a wonderfully comprehensive grasp of all that he required for his everyday duties. There is something supremely satisfying in contrasting such a one with the pseudo-specialists who flutter in the rays of one small artificial lamp, believing it to be the light of the whole universe.

Equally gratifying it is to compare such a man with the benighted generalists who, having learned all nursery songs, feel competent to interpret the works of all the masters in the art of music.

Dr. Armor's knowledge of special pathology was ample but not perhaps exhaustive, and in physical diagnosis, in certain lines, he may have had many equals, but, in general pathology and the art of diagnosis generally, he had few if any rivals.

No man could grasp more comprehensively the nature of a given disease, its local lesions and its secondary and ultimate effects upon the general organization, the influence of the patient's surroundings to favor or protract recovery, and find the means of relief suggested by the state of the patient in all his conditions and relations.

He never lost sight of the patient's interests while looking at a morbid condition, and he left no stone unturned to bring relief. In this, he was certainly one of the leading physicians of this age.

As a therapist, he occupied the highest plane. Below him on one side were the votaries of drugs still clinging to the almost obsolete idea that medicine alone is potent in the management of disease—men with full belief in the total depravity of the physical as well as spiritual state of mankind, who were bound to war against disease with the heaviest artillery in the *materia medica*. Far below him on the other side stood the fungous growths in medicine, the products of this restless, feverish, nervous age—men with faith without a spark of reason, who believe or affect to believe that they can heal the sick with remedies as intangible and incomprehensible to themselves as to their patients. Near to but yet beneath him were those men of science well versed in the nature of disease and the means of detecting it, but with a modern skepticism in the curative power of remedial agents—the devotees of expectant treatment. Beside him were ever found the exponents of preventive medicine, who kept him company as far as they went his way. From all of these he gathered useful knowledge. He clearly and kindly scrutinized all of them, and, when he could find nothing useful in them, he profitted by their folly and their blunders.

Over twenty years ago, while he was professor of therapeutics, he had mastered the subject so far as the literature went, and he had systematized the knowledge of this branch of medicine far more completely than anyone else in this country. The suggestions of others were made useful, and, in short, he made more of the knowledge of many of the masters than they did themselves. Headland's "Therapeutics," as expounded by Armor, was greater than the original. He was to America what Trousseau was to France, and Anstie to England.

His lectures of twenty years ago embodied all the facts contained in Anstie's work on "Stimulants and Narcotics," published ten or twenty years later. Those who heard him lecture at the time referred to, and subsequently read the book of Anstie, know this to be true.

His knowledge of therapeutics was not by any means limited to the great principles of the healing art—he was equally familiar with all the details of actual practice. Some of the greatest generals are said to have been thoroughly familiar with the duties of the private soldier, so this great physician knew well the minor as well as the major points in the care of the sick. He not only could solve the great problems in pathology and therapeutics, but was equally expert in directing how to administer food or medicine, or do anything that could add in any way to the comfort or welfare of the patient. This came from his having been at one time largely engaged in private practice where one who has the capacity learns many things not taught in hospital practice.

As a teacher, he had the highest conception of the duties and responsibilities committed to his care. Some one has said that the system of education in one country in Europe made scholars, while in another it made useful men. Dr. Armor took his inspiration from the latter.

In the class-room he labored most effectually to familiarize his students with the great laws which underlie pathology and therapeutics, but never bewildered them with obscure things or

disjointed facts. He gave the key that unlocks the doors to all the departments of medical science and art, so that his pupils could find their own way; and he also taught them how to observe, think and act for themselves. He made rational practitioners, not imitators.

The influence of this teacher, in the class-room and in consultation at the bedside, during the past quarter of a century, did more to establish the reputation of American physicians than the labors of any one man in the country. This came not from his scientific ability alone, but largely from a strong desire to make all with whom he came in contact better practitioners.

His influence was far greater than it otherwise would have been because his interest was not self-centered. While others were straining every nerve to attract the attention and approbation of the world, he was ever busy trying to help them to do good work, regardless of himself. His influence will long be felt. It is present now, and stops the praise of his name long before it begins to be extravagant. Could he hear this much said of himself, he would be sure to say that the testimony offered was evidently from biased witnesses.

This thought raises the question as to what he left undone, if anything. All who knew him well agree that he did not write enough. His knowledge and experience and remarkable style of writing made him the best qualified man in this country to write a work on the practice of medicine, but this was not done. This is the only duty which he neglected. How complete his labors would have been had he done this!

The reason for this may be found in the fact that he knew full well that so many make books out of that which they read in the works of others, and some write far more than they read without knowing how much others have done. Both parties labor for personal glory, not the advancement of science, and he may have dreaded being in any way like these. He certainly was too hard to please with his own work to make book-making

easy for him. This is the only regret that has been expressed by others while commenting upon his life.

Would that kind fortune had furnished him with some one who could have preserved to this country the products of his fertile brain! To those who come after this, all is lost, save here a little and there a little among those who knew him and learned of him.

Much as a work by such a man would have been valued, it may be asking more than was possible for him. We know our own wishes, and yet do not always know how possible it may be for others to gratify us. Dr. Armor did enough to merit all the praise that can be given him. He left the profession in this country better than he found it, and made a host of friends and admirers in and out of the profession who will cherish his memory in time to come. Thousands of professional men rose higher in professional life because of his inspiring precepts and example. He gained honors for the whole profession by teaching the people to respect and honor him, and through him the whole fraternity.

He was unknown to many, no doubt, who never looked high enough to see him. The crowd that can see greatness only in gold, and who pay homage to those who have the power to oppress their fellow-creatures, would not notice Dr. Armor. Those who live in the higher realms of life, and feel that knowledge and self-sacrifice and devotion to others is the stamp of immortal greatness, knew him, and felt that he is worth knowing.

So it was in his own profession of medicine. The men arrested early in development, who have to give all their time to secure a bare existence, know little of him. It was the bright stars in the profession who knew him as the good, beneficent physician and beloved associate.

Though there was little of that political sagacity in him which is most potent in winning the approbation of kings, he might have had royal decorations bestowed upon him had he

lived in any of the older countries; but a better award was allotted to him: the confidence, gratitude and esteem of the ablest heads and greatest hearts among the people of America.

This will last when crests and coronets and marble monuments have crumbled and are forgotten. His influence while here was ever to guide us onward and upward. As a laborer in the vast fields of medical science and art, he was a master joyous and happy, at peace with all his co-workers both great and small. As he marched along, he made the journey through life with its duties and cares all bright by his hymns of praise to nature and nature's laws.

Though now unseen, in thought he is still visible as from the other shore he beckons us on to higher attainments.



From the *Monthly Advance*, for January, 1886, published in New York City.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL G. ARMOR, M. D., LL. D.

BY REV. DR. EDWARD P. THWING.

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit. Æn. 1,203.

The proportions of a stately edifice are best appreciated, not in the glare of noon, but when the day is mellowing into night. Twilight hours yield the richest colors as well as sweetest odors. So there is a fascination in what Carlyle in his portraiture of Prince Frederick calls the "moonlight of memory." The halo with which it invests the character of the departed not only hides defects and angularities, but heightens the altitudes and beautifies the whole as a harmonious unity.

Some reminiscences of my lamented friend I have already embodied in a memorial recently published by the N. Y. Academy Anthropology of which he was an honorary member. Memory, however, is still fruitful in material, and the testimonies of others who knew Professor Armor better than myself furnish recollections worthy of record. * * *

His death occurred at his residence, No. 126 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1885, at 2:30 A. M. He was recovering from an acute attack of broncho-pneumonia, when he was suddenly seized with right hemiplegia, caused by cerebral thrombosis, as the autopsy revealed. He had attended to college duties without much interruption from illness during the previous Winter and Spring, and seemed to be in his ordinary health when he moved into a newly purchased dwelling adjoining the L. I. Historical Society's building. During an excursion to the seaside in September he incautiously left his overcoat behind, took a chill, and was soon prostrated with severe illness.

From this, however, under the best medical care and nursing, he rallied. The Friday before his decease he sat up and conversed in good spirits, anticipating a speedy resumption of the duties of his extended practice. Within twenty-four hours the sudden change came, and he was soon unconscious and so remained until he breathed his last. But he needed to speak no farewell words, either of loving affection as a husband and father, or as an earnest Christian believer. He was a communicant at Grace Protestant Episcopal Church, and his funeral on the following Friday, October 30, was attended by hundreds of sorrowing friends. Rev. Dr. Snively, his pastor, on the next Lord's day paid a tender tribute to the religious character of the deceased, and on Friday, Nov. 6, there was a Memorial Service held in the lecture room of the College, at which there were addresses by members of the faculty, prayer, and singing by the students of this original hymn to the melody "Pleyel:"

Golden grain from harvest ripe
 Angel reapers gather in ;
 Joy above, but grief below,
 Where the reapers' steps have been.

Silent is the voice that here
 Paths of wisdom did reveal ;
 Prone and pulseless lies the hand
 That with loving skill did heal.

Tears bedew that laurelled brow,
 Grateful lips repeat his name ;
 Memory in her shrine shall burn
 Vestal fires of scented flame.

Farewell, Teacher, Father, Friend !
 We no more thy face shall see,
 But thy LIFE our steps shall lead
 Till we reach the crystal sea !

These proceedings, with the Eulogy given at St. Matthew's Church, Nov. 8, by the writer, are published in a pamphlet. Full of reminiscences though they are, they present but an inadequate portrait of the "Beloved Physician."

The resolutions of the Council and Faculty, though emphatic, are no empty and formal expressions. They signalize Dr. Armor's "Prudence, wisdom and skill; earnestness in teaching, enthusiasm and devotion to the profession which he so greatly adorned; the fullness of his knowledge and thorough mastery of medicine," as well as his loyalty to the institution of which he was Dean and to the students whom he trained to be ministrants at the bedside of the suffering.

More than one has said to me "he saved my life." When the great French Surgeon, Baron Dupuytren, lay dying, he sent for a priest whose life he had saved, for spiritual comfort. If all whom Prof. Armor had been instrumental in saving from protracted suffering and death had hastened to his dying bed to minister to their much loved physician, the spacious mansion could not have held them. As it was "the house was besieged," as a neighbor remarked, when an item in an evening paper announced his condition on that sad Sunday. He saved others, himself he could not save. But his character and his work remain a bright incentive, not only to the hundreds whom he taught, and who survive him, but to his colleagues in the profession and to the multitudes who knew him as a trusted friend. To the medical students he seemed a father. In the opening lecture of the last term he taught he said:—"Mental contact begets mental likeness. We shall come to think alike as well as know each other, before the term closes. My 'boys,' as I call them, are scattered all over the land, from New York to San Francisco, for I have been associated with students since the year I graduated." Those forty years were fruitful years. He not only taught medical but moral truth, and inspired young men with virtuous ambition.

"I remember," says his honored colleague, Professor Jewett, "how pertinently he once addressed the graduating class at the college in reference to their aim in life. He would not have them anxious for professional *success* so much as to be deserving of it by the discharge of their duty. 'Do your *duty* and let

results take care of themselves.' He was specially able in generalization. He grasped details and grouped them into definite unity and consistency. He was not only gifted in wisdom as a consulting physician, but had a wonderful capacity for unfolding a case afterwards to the family, who naturally wished to learn the result of consultation. Those clear, concise, familiar talks were enchanting. His line of treatment was an open book; his explanation free from scientific technicalities, and his manner not only secured confidence in his judgment, but won affection for him personally."

The helpfulness of nature in self-limited disease he constantly dwelt upon. In his last lecture to us, May 22, 1885, he gave among his parting words these sensible precepts:

"The physician is not *magister* but minister. Do not interfere with nature when she is doing well. Medicines sometimes do more harm than the disease. The over-anxious doctor is apt to overdose. One such I remember, who once used ten potential drugs, and his patient grew no better. An old practitioner told him of an eleventh which would probably be efficacious. The drug was eagerly asked. PATIENCE was its name. The sick are often weak minded. They and their friends think that drugs stand between them and death. They lean on you and your medicine. It is honest and it is wise to deal in psychological medicine. Your face, your voice and actions are medicine. A long face is enough to make a well man sick. Be cheerful. Act promptly if drugs be needed, but the best practitioners watch and wait. If you have a doubt as to the value of the drug as compared with the *vis medicatrix naturee*, give the benefit of the doubt to Nature. To know the natural history of disease is half your Therapeutics. It is a good basis. You find an ally and friend in Nature. You have vital factors to deal with, and not mere dead theories of the past."

Dr. Armor was familiar with the literature of medicine. He knew that some of the nomenclature of to-day embalmed the absurdities of the past, as "arteries," air-carriers. He re-

membered Borelli's notion that muscular action was caused by expanding bladders "filled with blood and animal spirits;" and that Ambroise Pare, the physician of Henry II, was sneered at for daring to ligate wounded vessels instead of pouring on them burning pitch, the good old orthodox way; that this same "Father of Modern Surgery" was abused by his colleagues because "he dishonored science by writing in the vulgar tongue" instead of using Latin. He remembered, too, what leaps in science had been made during the forty years he had practiced; what additions to, or improvements of, *armamenta medica*, as for instance the cardiograph, sphygmograph, thermometer, stethoscope, spectroscope, microscope, laryngoscope, ophthalmoscope, speculum, sound, probe, aspirator, battery and ether cone. He saw the need in these days of broad culture, the development of the whole man, in short, the cultivation of good sense on the part of the practitioner as well as book knowledge. He told at one time of a student—not in Brooklyn—who towered above his class in mere memorizing, and so stood among the highest on examination, but who was utterly incompetent to manage the simplest ailment of a child, from lack of broad, judicious, mental discipline. The influence of such a man as Professor Armor upon the hundreds of graduates of L. I. College Hospital has been notable and most beneficial. His crisp apothegms are worthy collection, as for example where he says "Common sense is the *viz medicatrix* of the intellectual world, the democracy of the human race."

Omitting further reminiscences of college life, I add a few words to present Professor Armor in other relations. His personal appearance was impressive. His stature, face and movements were those of a man born to lead. In his attire he was plain and neat, but he had nothing of "the exquisite" about him. He was absent minded. One day he was walking along Clinton Street, "the Unter Linden of Brooklyn," as it has been called. It was a warm Spring afternoon. The bland air and sunny skies gave promise of the early approach of Summer.

One of his intimate friends, Dr. X., saw him approaching, and smilingly stopped and exclaimed, "Well, well Dr. Armor you're out in your Summer rig!" He slowly and abstractedly replied, "Yes," as if he did not quite comprehend the question. The eye of his friend was then turned to the Doctor's headgear. At once the hint was understood. "Oh, yes," he replied, as if the oddity of the thing had never occurred to him before: "I thought it just as good a way to carry the old hat home as any." He had two hats on. A soft felt hat covered the ample territory of his head, and outside that he had placed a new straw hat. Thus doubly helmeted he was making his way along the street with apparent unconsciousness of the unconventionality of his appearance.

He enjoyed humor and was not slow at repartee, but he allowed in himself or others no infraction of the proprieties of life, or of the dignity due his profession. He once was a witness in court. An insolent barrister, who evidently had not measured the man he had to deal with, having lost his patience and fearing that he had lost his case, turned on him with the question, "Dr. Armor, how many patients do you suppose you have killed?" Whether intended as a menace or a gibe, it was too insulting to be allowed to go unrebuked. Straightening himself to his full height and turning his flashing eyes on the lawyer, he spoke with self-control yet with burning severity, in substance as follows: "It ill becomes you, sir, to put such a question to a witness! You very well know that the function of a physician is to save life and not to kill. You not only insult me but the profession I represent in this community!" He continued in this strain of dignified but stinging, scorching reproof until he had administered a well-deserved castigation, and then mercifully let the subject and the lawyer—drop. There are times when the gentlest and most humane natures are moved to use means ordinarily abhorrent to them. There are occasions when the actual cautery is indicated, and Dr. Armor at this time used it.

These *memorabilia* might be almost indefinitely extended to illustrate this many-sided man. He has gone in his prime! He never knew the grand work he did, in all its dimensions. Ariosto never heard Plato lecture; Neocles never saw the triumph of Themistocles at Salamis, nor Miltiades the valor of Cimon; but in distant spheres and in future years Professor Armor will meet multitudes whom he has taught in college and ministered to in sickness, who will rise up and call him blessed, not only for his words and deeds, but for the inspiring example which these gave of the beauty and the power of a consecrated life.

BOARD OF REGENTS.

The Board of Regents of the Long Island College Hospital, on the 29th October, 1885, on the announcement of the death of Prof. Armor, adopted and entered on record the following :

“The members of this board have learned with profound sorrow of the unexpected death of their esteemed friend and associate Dr. Armor.

“Dr. Armor has served this institution with fidelity and brilliant success for many years. His national reputation contributed largely to the growth and prosperity of the school; and his profound knowledge of the science of medicine, and his rare gifts as a teacher, brought pupils to his lectures from all parts of the Union, who have since become useful and eminent in their profession.

“The remembrance of his devotion to this institution will cause his memory to be cherished by all its friends.

“On motion, resolved that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of the deceased.”

At the request of the Board Prof. I. S. WIGHT, M. D., prepared and presented to it, a biography of Dr. Armor, which is omitted here, being in substance as herein published, at the close of which he said :

“As a lecturer he stood in the first ranks ; as a teacher he was equaled by few ; and as a practitioner he was not surpassed. He loved his profession, because it offered him opportunities for doing good to others. He had an affection for young men, and was pleased to direct them in the paths of duty. He had a supreme reverence for the truth in medicine, science and religion. Many noble and strong men have uttered words of praise for him who lived a life worthy of imitation. In many parts of the Union, the precepts that he taught young men are fruitifying into good deeds. In fine, it is much praise to say of a man, when he is dead, that the world has been made better because he has lived.”

COUNCIL AND FACULTY.

The following proceedings and resolutions were adopted by the joint Board of the Council and Faculty of the Long Island College Hospital :

“WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from our midst our beloved and honored associate, Samuel G. Armor, M. D., LL. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine, and Dean of the Long Island College Hospital.

“WHEREAS, During his long connection with the teaching department of the College he has displayed an intimacy with its needs, a fullness of knowledge, thorough mastery of his profession and a power and facility of statement that has given authority and dignity to his chair.

“WHEREAS, In his relations to the Hospital, his prudence, wisdom and skill have not only been exercised in behalf of the patients to whom he gave the benefit of his accomplishment, but also in turn helping those who were in search of knowledge that was to render them in the future fit instruments at the bedside of the sick.

“WHEREAS, his earnestness in teaching, his enthusiasm for the young, his appreciation and devotion to the profession which

he so greatly adorned, gave him so great an influence for good over the students of the institution.

“WHEREAS, His genial nature and whole-souled cordiality of bearing made him the devoted personal friend of all connected with the College, it is hereby

“*Resolved* That we attend his funeral in a body, to testify our respect to his memory and our sense of the loss we sustain, and

“*Resolved*, That these resolutions be engrosed and hung in the College, and a copy be furnished the bereaved family.”

PRACTITIONERS CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.

At a meeting held October 30, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted :

“*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Practitioner’s Club, learn with deep grief of the decease of our most highly esteemed associate, Dr. Samuel G. Armor. That in his removal we mourn the loss of a warm-hearted and sincere friend, a learned guide, and a wise companion in our professional studies, and a trusted counsellor and helper in difficulties often involving precious lives.

“*Resolved*, That we tender to Mrs. Armor and to others who were dear to him, our heartfelt sympathy in the great loss they have sustained in his decease, and that we will, as his personal friends and associate members of the Club, be present at the funeral services.

DETROIT ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

NOVEMBER 3, 1885.

The Academy met at the office of Dr. Jenks, Dr. Emerson presiding.

Dr. Jenks, as chairman of the committee appointed at the last meeting, reported a series of resolutions expressing the profound regret with which the news of the death of Prof. S. G. Armor had been received, as follows :

“WHEREAS, It has been announced that Prof. Samuel G. Armor, M. D., LL. D., an honorary member of this body, and for many years a resident of Detroit, died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 27th ult., in the prime of his vigor and usefulness.

“*Resolved*, That while we bow in submission to the decree of Infinite wisdom, yet we hereby express our sense of sore bereavement in his death,

“*Resolved*, That the untiring devotion which our friend has exhibited in his chosen life-work, the large-hearted generosity which he uniformly manifested towards his brother physicians, and the delicate sense of honor that marked all his dealings with them, together with his thorough integrity and broad manhood endeared him to the majority of our membership personally in life, and remain enshrined as his best legacy in death.

“*Resolved*, That we extend our warmest sympathy to the great number, who in the death of Dr. Armor mourn the loss of a friend and teacher.

“*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Dr. Armor, to the Long Island College Faculty, to the several medical journals of Detroit, and to the *Medical Record* and *Medical Journal* of New York City.”

[Signed.]

EDWARD W. JENKS,	} Committee.
GEO. P. ANDREWS,	
J. F. NOYES.	

REMARKS ON THE DEATH OF DR. ARMOR.

Dr. Cleland: I became early acquainted with Dr. Armor, after he took up his residence in this city. I was then a young man, and as such in the exigencies which arise in the earlier days of professional experience, I had occasion sometimes to call in Dr. Armor. I also had occasion in my own family to require his services, and was myself attended by him in a severe sickness. I wish to say that I never found a better friend or counsellor. He was a true friend in so many ways that I cannot think of him without profoundest esteem, which involves at this

time a sense of personal loss. In every sense of the word he was a true man and a model physician, and his loss will be keenly felt by all who knew him.

Dr. Connor: I suppose that the greatest power of Dr. Armor was as a teacher. At least I so first became acquainted with him, in listening to his lectures on *Materia Medica* in the University. I learned, as I grew to know him, to respect his judgment and believe in his sincerity.

He took a deep interest always in all that tended to improve medical education. He enjoyed teaching, entering with new enthusiasm into his work with every new class, and had the success in that work which can come only to those who thoroughly delight in it. His memory will live in thousands of those who have sat under his teaching. He taught in many places, west and east, and I have yet to learn of a single act or expression of thought or feeling that wounded any one. He was eminently a gentleman, delightful as a teacher, a companion or a friend.

Dr. Andrews: My relations with Dr. Armor were those of a fellow practitioner in Detroit. He came to Ann Arbor a year after I was there, but I feel as well informed about his teaching as though I had heard him lecture, so uniform is the testimony of those who have been his pupils. While some may have been more profound and critical, none could be more practical, or leave on the minds of students more indelible impressions.

He was a most gracious man, one whom it was a pleasure always to meet. The uniform courtesy and delicacy of his treatment of a brother physician were to me an example; one could not have a higher ideal of what a consulting physician should be.

Dr. Jenks: My acquaintance with Dr. Armor, which was not in the relation of pupil and teacher, began in the spring of 1864, when I came to Detroit. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, which became a warm one, and continued until death. He was eminently a good counsellor, and in that capac-

city I have been often indebted to him. I consulted him when organizing the Detroit Medical College, of the original faculty of which he was a member, although circumstances compelled his withdrawal before he assumed any professorial duties.

It was not as a general practitioner, or family physician that Dr. Armor was best known, but rather as a consulting physician. In this relation he was a model. With young men he was careful to avoid the assumption of superiority, which would have been merely claiming his due.

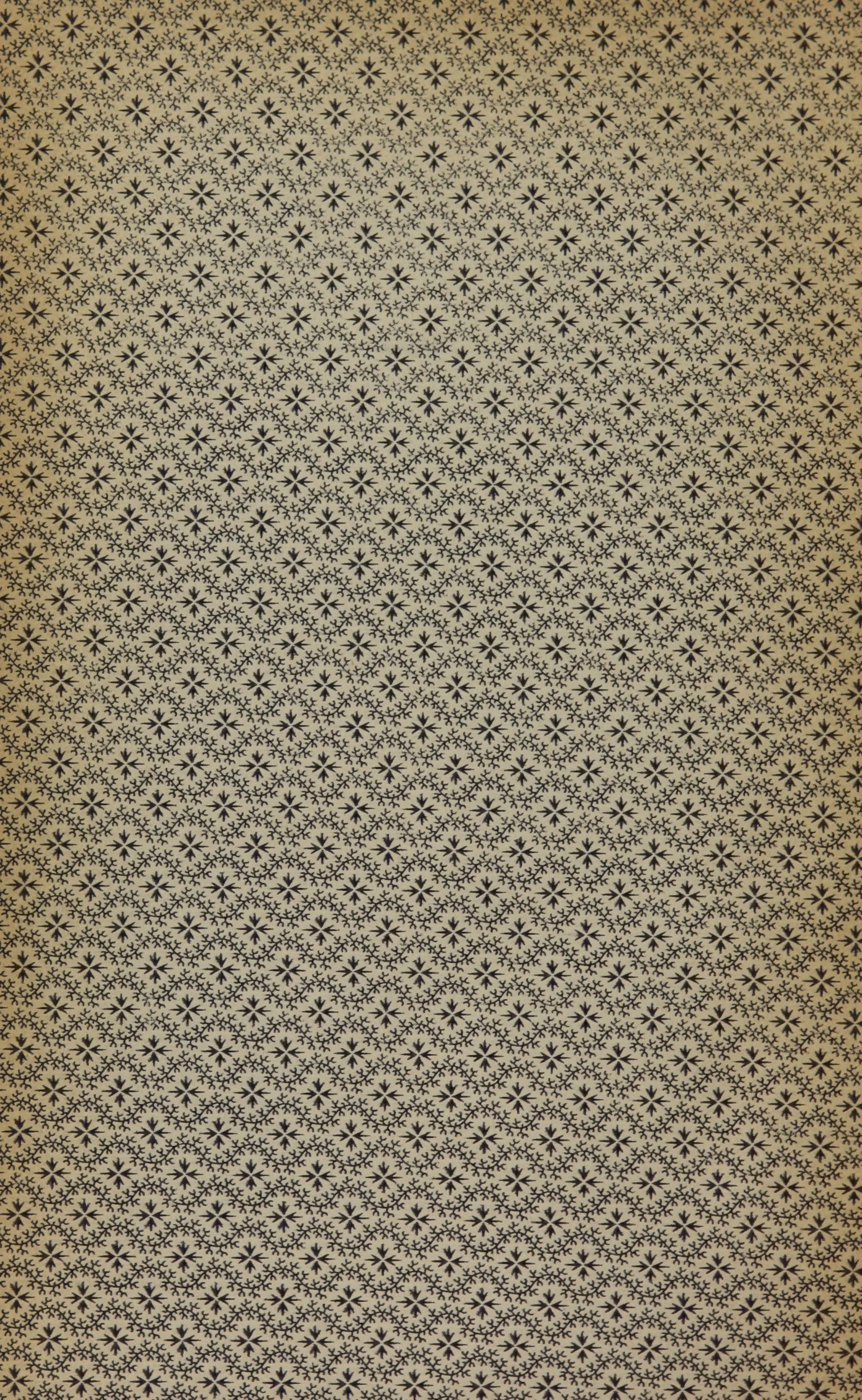
To me his death is a personal bereavement which I feel very deeply indeed.

Dr. Chittick: It was my pleasure to listen to Dr. Armor's lectures in the Long Island Hospital Medical College. I can testify to his popularity among the students. The applause when he entered the lecture-room was long and loud, often he would be compelled to request silence. He was a very enthusiastic teacher. He seemed always himself disappointed and chagrined in the failure of one of his students.

Dr. Wyman: As one of the younger members of the academy, I have been much impressed with what has been said here to-night. It has occurred to me that the honorary list of our academy might be considerably enlarged, with advantage to ourselves. It would do us good to recognize in life those merits which we are ready to eulogize in the departed.

Dr. Emerson: I listened to Dr. Armor as a student one year. In my memory of him, the prominent characteristic of the man is an ever present geniality. I have his picture in my mind's eye, as I have seen him, standing with one foot on a chair, emphasizing his remarks by bringing down his hand on his thigh. I remember well his air of courteous deference towards even a student like myself. I had occasion to call him in to attend my brother in an illness, and was particularly impressed with this characteristic.

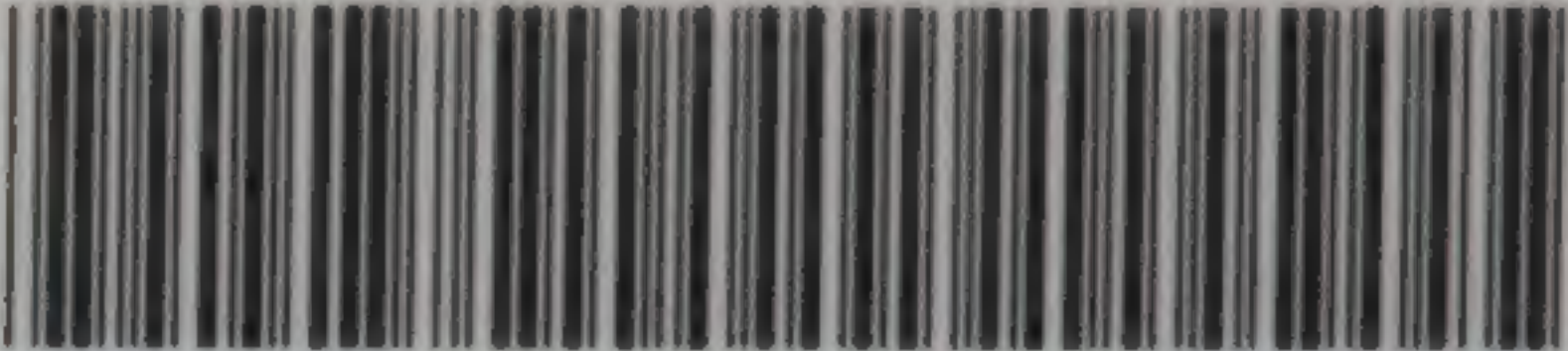
On motion, the resolutions offered by the committee were accepted and adopted. The secretary was instructed to transmit copies of the resolutions to the family of the deceased, to the faculty of Long Island Hospital Medical College, to the several Detroit journals, and to the *New York Medical Record*, and the *New York Medical Journal*.





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